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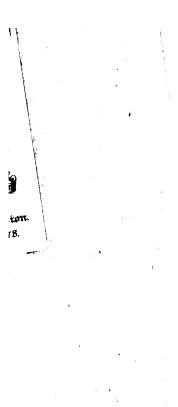
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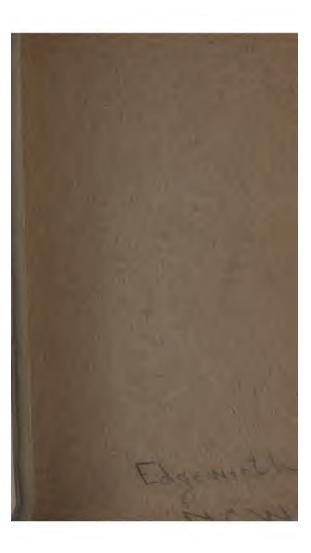
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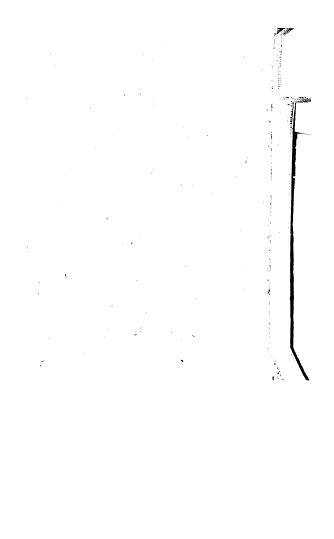
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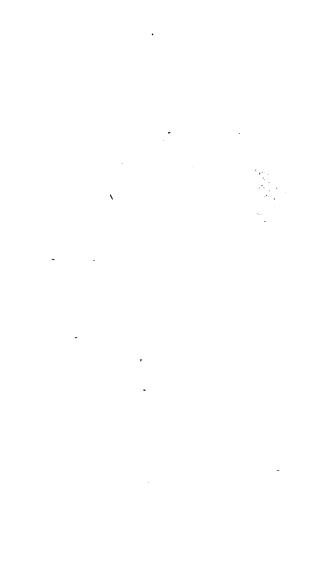
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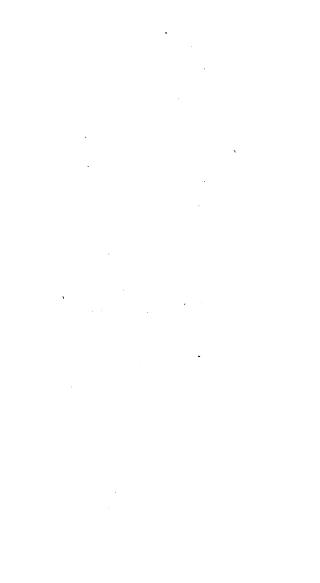












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MORAL TALES;

BY MARIA EDGEWORTH.

IN THREE VOLUMES.



vol. I. p. 98.

NEW-YORK:

PUBLISHED BY W. B. GILLEY, No. 92 Broadway.

1818.

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MORAL TALES

FOR

YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY MARIA EDGEWORTH, Author of the Parent's Assistant, Tales of Facilionable Life, &c.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

NEW-YORK:

PUBLISHED BY W. B. GILLEY, 96 BROADWAY.

J. C. Totten, printer.

1819.



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PREFACE.

It has been somewhere said by Johnson, that, merely to invent a new story, is no small effort of the human understanding. How much more difficult is it, to construct stories suited to the early years of youth, and, at the same time, conformable to the complicate relations of modern society—fictions, that shall display examples of virtue, without initiating the young reader into the ways of vice—and narratives, written in a style level to his capacity, without tedious detail, or vulgar idiom! The author, sensible of these difficulties, solicits indulgence for such errors as have escaped her vigilance.

In a former work, the author has endeavoured to add something to the increasing stock of innocent amusement, and early instruction, which the laudable exertions of some excellent modera writers provide for the rising generation: and in the present, an attempt is made to provide for young people of a more advanced age, a few Tales that shall neither dissipate the attention, nor

inflame the imagination.

In a work upon education, which the in a work upon education, which the public has been pleased to notice, we have endeavoured to show, that, under proper management, amusement and instruction may accompany each other through many paths of literature; whilst, at the same time, we have disclaimed and reprehended all attempts to teach in play. Steady, untired attention is what alone produces excellence. Sir Isaac Newton with as much truth as modestry Newton, with as much truth as modesty. attributed to this faculty those discoveries in science, which brought the heavens within the grasp of man, and weighed the earth in a balance. To inure the mind to athletic vigour, is one of the chief objects of good education; and we have found, as far as our limited experience has extended, that short and active exertions, interspersed with frequent, agreeable relaxation, form the mind to strength

and endurance, better than long conti-

nued, feeble study.

Hippocrates, in describing the robust temperament, tells us, that the athletæ prepared themselves for the gymnasium by strong exertion, which they continued until they felt fatigue; they then reposed, till they felt returning strength, and aptitude for labour: and thus, by alternate exercise and indulgence, their limbs acquired the firmest tone of health and vigour. We have found, that those who have tasted with the keenest relish the beauties of Barquin, Day, or Barbauld, pursue a demonstration of Euclid, or a logical deduction, with as much eagerness, and with more rational curiosity, than is usually shewn by students who are nourished with the hardest fare, and chained to unceasing labour.

"Forester" is the picture of an eccentric character—a young man, who scorns the common forms and dependencies of civilized society; and who, full of visionary schemes of benevolence and happiness, might, by improper management,

or unlucky circumstances, have beci a fanatic and a criminal.

The scene of "The Knapsack" is a in Sweden, to produce variety; and shew, that the rich and poor, the you and old, in all countries, are mutually viceable to each other; and to port some of those virtues, which are peculi ly amiable in the character of a soldier "Angelina" is a female Forester.

nonsense of sentimentality is here aincreat with the shafts of ridicule, instead of being combated by serious argument.— With the romantic eccentricities of An gelina are contrasted faults of a mor common and despicable sort. Miss Bur rage is the picture of a young lady, wh meanly flatters persons of rank; and who, after she has smuggled herself int good company, is ashamed to acknowle edge her former friends, to whom she was bound by the strongest ties of gratitude. "The Bad Governess" is a sketch of

the necessary consequences of imprudently trusting the happiness of a daugh-ter to the care of those, who can teach

nothing but accomplishments.

"The Prussian Vase" is a lesson against imprudence, an exercise of judgment, and an eulogium upon our inestimable trial by jury. This tale is designed principally for young gentlemen who are intended for the bar.

"The Good Governess" is a lesson

to teach the art of giving lessons.

In "The Good Aunt" the advantages, which a judicious early education confers upon those who are intended for public seminaries, are pointed out. It is a common error to suppose, that, let a boy be what he may, when sent to Eton, Westminister, Harrow, or any great school, he will be moulded into proper form by the fortuitous pressure of numbers; that emulation will necessarily excite, example lead, and opposition polish him. these are vain hopes: the solid advantages, which may be attained in these large nurseries of youth, must be, in a great measure, secured, by previous domestic instruction.

These tales have been written to illustrate the opinions delivered in "Practical Education." As their truth has ap-

peared to me, to be confirmed by increasing experience, I sat down with pleasure to write a preface to this humble work for my daughter. It is hoped, that the following stories will afford agreeable relaxation from severer studies, and that they will be thought—what they profess to be —Moral Tales.

R. L. EDGEWORTH.

FORESTER.

ORESTER was the son of an English gentlen, who had paid some attention to his educan, but who had some singularities of opinion, ich probably influenced him in all his conduct wards his children.

Young Forester was frank, brave and general, but he had been taught to dislike politeness much, that the common forms of society apared to him either edious or ridiculous; his cerity was seldem restrained by any attention the feelings of others. His love of independence was carried to such an extreme, that he sinclined to prefer the life of Robinson Crue in his desert island to that of any individing cultivated society. His attention has been by fixed upon the follies and vices of the ther classes of people, and his contempt for fish indolence was so strongly associated the name of gentleman, that he was dispostorchoose his friends and companions from

to choose his friends and companions from ongst his inferiors; the inequality between a rich and the poor shocked him; his temper

was enthusiastic as well as benevolent, ardently wished to be a man, and to be at 1 to act for himself, that he might reform set ty, or at least his own neighbourhood. he was about nineteen years old, his father and young Forester was sent to Edinburg Dr. Campbell, the gentleman whom his factor had appointed his guardian. In the choice his mode of travelling his disposition appeared The stage-coach and a carrier set out nearly a the same time from Penrith. Forester, prouof bringing his principles immediately into action, put himself under the protection of the carrier, and congratulated himself upon his freedom from prejudice.—He arrived at Edinburgh in all the glory of independence, and he desired the carrier to set him down at Dr. Campbell's door.

" The doctor's not at home," said the foot

man, who opened the door.

"He is at home," exclaimed Forester with

indignation? " I see him at the window."

"My master is just going to dinner, and can't see any body now," said the footman; "but is you will call again at six o'clock, may be he may see you—my good lad."

" My name is Forester-let me in," said

Forester, pushing forwards.

"Forester! Mr. Forester," said the footman; the young gentleman that was expected in the

coach to-day."

Without deigning to give the footman any explanation, Forester, took his own portmanteau from the carrier; and Dr. Campbell came down

stairs just when the footman was officiously struggling with the young gentleman for his burden. Dr. Campbell received his pupil very kindly; but Forester would not be prevailed upon to rub his shoes sufficiently upon the mat at the bottom of the stairs, or to change his disordered dress before he made his appearance in the drawing room. He entered with dirty shoes, a thread-bare coat, and hair that looked as if it never had been combed; and he was much surprised by the effect, which his singular appearance produced upon the risible muscles of some of the company.

"I have done nothing to be ashamed of," said he to himself; but notwithstanding all his efforts to be and appear at ease, he was constrained and abashed. A young laird, Mr. Archibald Mackenzie, seemed to enjoy his confusion with malignant, half suppressed merriment, in which Dr. Campbell's con was too good natured and too well bred, to participate. Henry Campbell was three or four years older than Forester, and though he looked like a gentleman, Forester could not help being pleased with the manner, in which he drew him into conversation. The secret magic of politeness relieved him insensibly from the torment of false shame.

"It is a pity this lad was bred up a gentleman," said Forester to himself," for he seems to

have some sense and goodness."

Dinner was announced, and Forester was provoked at being interrupted in an argument concerning carts and coaches, which he had begun with Henry Campbell. Not that Forestex was

averse to eating, for he was at this instance enously hungry; but eating in company ways found equally repugnant to his habit his principles. A table covered with a table cloth—dishes in nice order—plates, kn and forks laid at regular distances appeared our young Diogenes absurd superfluities, and was ready to exclaim. "How many things not want!" Sitting down to dinner, eating, dri ing, and behaving like other people, appear to him difficult and disagreeable ceremoni He did not perceive that custom had render all these things perfectly easy to every one e in company; and as soon as he had devoured food his own way, he moralized in silence ur the good sense of Sancho Panza, who preferi eating an egg behind the door to feasting public; and he recollected his favourite trav ler le Vaillant's enthusiastic account of charming Hottentot dinners, and of the disg that he afterwards felt on the comparison European etiquette and African simplicity.

"Thank God the ceremony of dinner over," said Forester to Henry Campbell, as so

as they rose from table.

All those things which seem mere matter course in society, appeared to Forester strar ceremonies. In the evening there were car for those who liked cards, and there was convesation for those who liked conversation. For ter liked neither, he preferred playing with

^{*} Le Vaillant's travels into Africa, vol. i. p. 1

and he sat all night apart from the company corner of a sofa. He took it for granted. the conversation could not be worth his attion, because he heard Lady Catherine Maczie's voice amongst others: he had conceiva dislike, or rather a contempt, for this lady, ause she showed much of the pride of birth? rank in her manners. Henry Campbell did think it necessary to punish himself for her yship's faults, by withdrawing from entering conversation; he knew that his father the art of managing the frivolous subjects ted in general company, so as to make them I to amusement and instruction; and this Forer would probably have discovered this even-, had he not followed his own thoughts instead istening to the observations of others. Lady herine, it is true, began with a silly history her hereditary antipathy to pickled cucums, and she was rather tiresome in tracing the lealogy of this antipathy through several lerations of her ancestry; but Dr. Campbell "that he had heard from an ingenious tleman of her ladyship's family, that her yship's grandfather, and several of his friends, rly lost their lives by pickled cucumbers;" I thence the doctor took occasion to relate eral curious circumstances concerning the ects of different poisons.

Dr. Campbell, who plainly saw both the defects I the excellent qualities of his young ward, ped, that by playful raillery, and by well-timed isoning, he might mix a sufficient portion of good see with Forester's enthusiasm, might induce

· him gradually to sympathize in the pleasures · of cultivated society, and might convince him that virtue is not confined to any particular class of men; that education, in the enlarged sense of the word, creates the difference between individuals more than riches or poverty. Campbell foresaw, that Forester would form a friendship with his son, and that this attachment would cure him of his prejudices again gentlemen, and would prevent him from indulging his taste for vulgar company. Henry Campb had more useful energy, though less apparer enthusiasm than his new companion; he was ways employed, he was really independent, by cause he had learned how to support himse either by the labours of his head or of his hand but his independence did not render him unsoci ble; he was always ready to sympathize with t pleasures of his friends, and therefore he we beloved; following his father's example, he all the good in his power to those who were distress, but he did not imagine, that he cou reform every abuse in society, or that he cou instantly new model the universe. Forester by came in a few days fond of conversing, or rath of holding long arguments with Henry; but dislike to the young laird, Archibald Macket hourly increased. Archibald and his mod Lady Catherine Mackenzie, were relation Mrs. Campbell's, and they were now upon a at her house. Lady Catherine, a shrewd wor fond of precedence, and fully sensible of the portance that wealth can bestow, had sedula inculcated into the mind of her son all the

ims of worldly wisdom, which she had collected in her intercourse with society; she had inspired him with family pride; but at the same time had taught him to pay obsequious court to his superiors in rank or fortune; the art of rising in the world she knew did not entirely depend upon virtue or abilities, she was consequently more solicitious about her son's manners, than his morals, and was more anxious that he should form high connexions, than that he should apply to the severe studies of a profession. Archibald was nearly what might be expected from his education, alternately supple to his superiors, and insolent to his inferiors; to insinuate himself into the favour of young men of rank and fortune, he affected to admire extravagance; but his secret maxims of parsimony operated even in the midst of dissipation. Meanness and pride usually go together. It is not to be supposed, that young Forester had such quick penetration, that he could discover the whole of the artful Archibald's character in the course of a few days acquaintance; but he disliked him for good reasons, because he was a laird, because he had laughed at his first entree, and because he was learning to dance.

THE SKELETON.

About a week after our hero's arrival Dr. Campbell's, the doctor was exhibiting some chemical experiments, with which Henry hoped that his young friend would be entertained; but Forester had scarcely been five minutes in the laboratory, before Mackenzie, who was lounging about the room, sneeringly took notice of a large hole in his shoe.—"It is easily mended," said the independent youth; and he immediately left the laboratory, and went to a cobler's, who lived in a narrow lane, at the back of Dr. Campbell's house.-Forester had, from his bed chamber window, seen this cobler at work early every morning: he admired his industry, and longed to be acquainted with him. The good humoured familiarity of Forester's manner pleased the cobler, who was likewise diverted by the eagerness of the young gentleman to mend his own shoe. After spending some hours at the cobler's stall, the shoe was actually mended, and Forester thought that his morning's work was worthy of admiration. In a court (or, as such places are called in Edinburgh, a close,) near the cobler's, he saw some boys playing at ball; he joined them: and whilst they were playing, a dancing master, with his hair powdered, and who seemed afraid of spattering his clean stockings, passed through the court and interrupted the ball play-

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ers for a few seconds. The boys as soon as the man was out of hearing, declared that he passed through their court regularly twice a day, and that he always kicked their marbles out of the ring. Without staying to weigh this evidence scrupulously, Forester received it with avidity, and believed all that had been asserted was true, because the accused was a dancing master: from his education he had conceived an antipathy to dancing masters, especially to such as wore silk stockings, and had their heads well powdered. Easily fired at the idea of any injustice, and eager to redress the grievances of the poor, Forester immediately concerted with these boys a scheme to deliver them from what he called the insolence of the dancing master, and promised that he would compel him to go round by another street.

In his zeal for the liberty of his new companions, our hero did not consider, that he was infringing upon the liberties of a man, who had never done him any injury, and over whom he

had no right to exercise any control.

Upon his return to Dr. Campbell's, Forester heard the sound of a violin; and he found that his enemy, M. Pasgrave, the dancing master, was attending Archibald Mackenzie; he learnt that he was engaged to give another lesson the next evening; and the plans of the confederates in the ball alley were arranged accordingly.—In Dr. Campbell's room Forester remembered to have seen a skeleton, in a glass case; he seized upon it, carried it down to his companions, and placed it in a nich in a wall, on the landing place

of a flight of stone stairs, down which the dancing master was obliged to go. A butcher's son (one of Forester's new companions,) he instructed to stand at a certain hour behind the skeleton, with two rush lights, which he was to hold up to

the eye holes in the skull.

The dancing master's steps were heard approaching at the expected hour; and the boys stood in ambush to enjoy the diversion of the sight. It was a dark night; the fiery eyes of the skeleton glared suddenly upon the dancing master, who was so terrified at the spectacle. and in such haste to escape, that his foot slipped, and he fell down the stone steps: his ancle was strained by the fall; and he was brought back to Dr. Campbell's. Forester was shocked at this tragical end to his intended comedy. poor man was laid upon a bed, and he writhed with pain. Forester, with vehement expressions of concern, explained to Dr. Campbell the cause of this accident; and he was much touched by the dancing master's good nature, who, between every twinge of pain, assured him that he should soon be well, and endeavoured to avert Dr. Campbell's displeasure. Forester sat beside the bed, reproaching himself bitterly; and he was vet more sensible of his folly, when he heard that the boys, whose part he had hastily taken, had frequently amused themselves with playing mischievous tricks upon this inoffensive man, who declared that he had never purposely kicked their marbles out of the ring, but had always implored them to let him pass, with all the civility in his power.

Forester resolved that before he ever again attempted to do justice, he would, at least hear both sides of the question.

THE ALARM.

Forester would willingly have sat unight with M. Pasgrave, the dancing-mast foment his ancle from time to time, and if sible, to assuage the pain; but the man not suffer him to sit up, and about twelve o' he retired to rest. He had scarcely fall sleep, when his door opened, and Archibald kenzie roused him, by demanding, in a pertory tone, how he could sleep when the family were frightened out their wits be pranks?

"Is the dancing-master worse? What matter?" exclaimed Forester, in great

ror.

Archibald replied, that he was not talki thinking about the dancing master, and d Forester to make haste and dress himsel that he would then soon hear what was the ter.

Forester dressed himself as fast as he and followed Archibald through a long pa which led to a back stair-case. "Do you the noise?" said Archibald.

"Not I," said Forester.

"Well, you'll hear it plain enough, ently," said Archibald: "follow me down st He followed, and was surprised, when I into the Hall, to find all the family asser Lady Catherine had been awakened by a noise. which she at first imagined to be the screaming Her bed chamber was on the of an infant. ground floor, and adjoining to Dr. Campbell's laboratory, from which the noise seemed to proceed, She wakened Mrs. Campbell and her son Archibald; and when she recovered her senses a little, she listened to Dr. Campbell, who assured her, that what her ladyship thought was the screaming of an infant, was the noise of a cat: the screams of this cat made, indeed, a terrible noise; and, when the light approached the door of the laboratory, the animal flew at the door with so much fury, that nobody could venture to open it. Every body looked at Forester, as it they suspected that he had confined the cat, or that he was in some way or other the cause o the disturbance. The cat, who, from his having constantly fed and played with him, had grown extremely fond of him, used to follow him ofter from room to room; and he now recollected, that it followed him the preceding evening into the laboratory, when he went to replace the skele He had not observed whether it came ou of the room again, nor could he now conceive the cause of its yelling in this horrible manner The animal seemed to be mad with pain. Campbell asked his son, whether all the presser were locked. Henry said, he was sure that they were all locked. It was his business to lock them every evening; and he was so exact, that bobody doubted his accuracy.

Archibald Mackenzie, who all this time knew or at least suspected the truth, held himself

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res rs." got led: in cunning silence. The preceding he, for want of something to do, had stro the laboratory, and, with the pure cui idleness, peeped into the presses, and 1 stoppers out of several of the bottle Campbell happened to come in, and c asked him if he had been looking in the to which question, Archibald, though with ly any motive for telling a falsehood, ately replied in the negative. As the turned his head, Archibald put aside which he had just before taken out of the and fearing that the noise of replacing stopper would betray him, he slipped his waistcoat pocket. How much use ning! All this transaction was now fully to Archibald's memory; and he was vinced, that Henry had not seen the bot he afterwards went to lock the presses: cat had thrown it down; and that this cause of all the yelling, that disturbed th Archibald, however, kept his lips fast clo had told one falsehood; he dreaded to discovered; and he hoped that the bla whole affair would rest upon Forester. the animal flew with diminished fury at t its screams became feebler and feeble last, they totally ceased. There was Dr. Campbell opened the door-the seen stretched upon the ground, appare less. As Forester looked nearer at the imal, he saw a twitching motion in one o legs; Dr. Campbell said, that it was vulsion of death. Forester was just

lift up his cat, when his friend Henry stopped his hand, telling him that he would burn himself, if he touched it. The hair and flesh of the cat on one side were burnt away, quite to the bone. Henry pointed to the broken bottle, which, he

said, had contained vitriolic acid.

Henry in vain attempted to discover by whom the bottle of vitriolic acid had been taken out of its place. The suspicions naturally fell upon Forester, who, by his own account, was the last person in the room before the presses had been locked for the night.---Forester in warm terms, asserted that he knew nothing of the matter. Dr. Campbell coolly observed, that Forester ought not to be surprised at being suspected upon this occasion; because every body had the greatest reason to suspect the person whom they had detected in one practical joke, of planning another.

"Joke!" said Forester, looking down upon his lifeless favourite: "Do you think me capable of such cruelty! so you doubt my truth?" exclaimed Forester, haughtily. "You are unjust. Turn me out of your house this instant. I do not desire your protection if I have forfeited your esteem."

"Go to bed for to night in my house," said Doctor Campbell; "moderate your enthusiasm,

and reflect upon what has passed, coolly."

Doctor Campbell, as Forester indignantly withdrew, said, with a benevolent smile, as he looked after him, "He wants nothing but a little common sense. Henry you must give him a stittle of your's"

In the morning, Forester first went to how the dancing master had slept and knocked impatiently at Dr. Campbell's do

"My father is not awake," said Henry: Forester marched directly up to the side of bed, and, drawing back the curtain wit gentle hand, cried, with a loud voice, "Dr.C bell, I am come to beg your pardon. I wagry when I said you were unjust."

"And I was asleep when you begged pardon," said Doctor Campbell, rubbin

eyes.

"The dancing master's ancle is a great better; and I have burried the poor cat," pursua Forester; "and I hope, now, Doctor, you at least tell me, that you do not really suspen me of having any hand in her death."

"Pray, let me go to sleep," said Doct Campbell; "and time your explanations a lit

better."

THE GERANIUM.

The dancing master gradually recovered from his sprain; and Forester spent all his pocket money in buying a new violin for him; as his had been broken in his fall; his watch had likewise been broken against the stone steps. Though Forester looked upon a watch as a useless bauble, yet he determined to get this mended; and his

friend Henry went with him for this purpose to a watch-maker's.

Whilst Henry Campbell and Forester were consulting with the watch-maker upon the internal state of the bruised watch, Archibald Mackenzie, who followed them for a lounge, was looking over some new watches, and ardently wishing for the finest that he saw. As he was playing with this fine watch, the watch-maker begged that he would take care not to break it.

Archibald, in the usual insolent tone in which he was used to speak to a tradesman, replied, that if he did brake it, he hoped he was able to pay for it. The watch-maker civilly answered, "he had no doubt of that, but that the watch was not his property, it was Sir Philip Gosling's who would call for it, he expected, in a quarter of

an hour."

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At the name of Sir Philip Gosling, Archibald quickly changed his tone: he had a great ambition to be of Sir Philip's acquaintance; for Sir Philip was a young man, who was to have a large fortune when he should come of age, and who, in the mean time, spent as much of it as possible, with great spirit, and little judgment. He had been sent to Edinburgh for his education; and he spent his time in training horses, laying bets, parading in the public walks, and ridiculing, or, in his own phrase, quizzing every sensible young man, who applied to literature or science. Sir Philip, whenever he frequented any of the prafessor's classes, took care to make it evident to every body present, that he did not come there to learn, and that he looked down with contents.

upon all who were obliged to study;
first always to make any disturbance is es, or, in his elegant language, to make

This was the youth of whose ac quain Archibald Mackenzie was ambitious. He in the shop in hopes that Sir Philip would he was not disappointed; Sir Philip carrie, with an address which Lady Catherine would haps have admired, he entered into convers with the young baronet; if conversation might be called, which consisted of a specient fashionable dialect, devoid of sense, and destitut of any pretence to wit. To Forester this diale was absolutely unintelligible; after he had listed ed to it with sober contempt for a few minute he pulled Henry away, saying, "Come, do let us waste our time here; let us go to the brewery that you promised to show me."

Henry did not immediately yield to the rough pull of his indignant friend, for at this instant the door of a little back parlour behind the watch-maker's shop opened slowly, and a girl of about seven years old appeared, carrying, with difficulty, a flower-pot, in which there was a fine large geranium in full flower. Henry, who saw that the child was scarcely able to carry it, took it out of her hands, and asked her. "Where she

would like to have it put?"

"Here, for to-day!" said the little girl, sorrowfully; "but to-morrow it goes away forever!"

The little girl was sorry to part with this geranium, because "she had watched it all the winter," and said, "that she was very fond of it; but that she was willing to part with it,

though it was just come into flower, because the apothecary had told her, that it was the cause of her grand-mother's having been taken ill.—Her grand-mother lodged," she said, "in that little room, and the room was very close, and she was taken ill in the night—so ill that she could hardly speak or stir; and when the apothecary came, he said, continued the little girl, "it was no wonder any body was ill who slept in such a little close room, with such a great geranium in it, to poison the air.—So my geranium must go!" concluded she with a sigh; "but as it is for grandmother, I shall never think of it again."

Henry Campbell and Forester were both struck with the modest simplicity of this child's countenance and manner, and they were pleased with the unaffected generosity, with which she gave up

her favourite geranium.

Forester noted this down in his mind, as a fresh instance in favour of his exclusive good opinion of the poor.—This little girl looked poor; though she was decently dressed, she was so thin that her little cheek bones could plainly be seen; her face had not the round, rosy beauty, of cheerful health; she was pale and sallow, and she looked in patient misery. Moved with compassion, Forester regretted that he had no money to give where it might have been so well bestowed. He was always extravagant in his generosity; he would often give five guineas where five shillings should have been given, and by these means he reduced himself to the necessity sometimes of refusing assistance to deserving objects. On

his journey from his father's house he lavished in undistinguishing cha erable sum of money, and all that hing of the money his father gave purchasing the new violin for M Doctor Campbell absolutely refuse his ward any money, till his nex lowance should become due. Howays perceived quickly what passe of others, guessed at Forester's to countenance, and forbore to promoney, though he had it just read—he knew that he could call again maker's, and give what he please tentation.

Upon questioning the little gir cerning her grandmother's illness, ered that the old woman had sat u knitting, and that feeling herself e she got a pan of charcoal into he soon afterwards she felt uncome and when her little grand-daughter and asked her, why she did not con made no answer; a few minutes dropped from her chair. The child ly frightened, and though she felt if to rouse herself, she said she got she could, opened the door, and watchmaker's wife, who luckily had late, and was now raking the kitch her assistance the old woman was the air, and presently returned to h pan of charcoal had been taken aw apothecary came in the morning;

great hurry when he called, he made but few inquiries, and consequently condemned the geranium without sufficient evidence. As he left the house he carelessly said, "My wife would like that geranium, I think." And the poor old woman, who had but a very small fee to offer, was eager to give any thing that seemed to please the Doctor.

Forester, when he heard this story, burst into a contemptuous exclamation against the meanness of this, and all other apothecaries. Henry informed the little girl, that the charcoal had been the cause of her grandmother's illness, and advised them never, upon any account, to keep a pan of charcoal again in her bed-chamber; he told her that many people had been killed by this practice. "Then," cried the little girl joyfully. "if it was the charcoal, and not the geranium, that made grandmother ill, I may keep my beautiful geranium?" And she ran immediately to gather some of the flowers, which she offered to Henry and to Forester. Forester, who was still absorded in the contemplation of the apothecary's meanness, took the flowers without perceiving that he took them, and pulled them to pieces as he went on thinking. Henry, when the little girl held the geraniums up to him, observed that the back of her hand was bruised and black; he asked her how she had hurt herself, and she replied innocently, "that she had not hurt herself, but that her schoolmistress had hurt her; that her schoolmistress was a very strict woman." Forester, roused from his reverie, desired to hear what the little girl meant by

a strict woman; and she explained herself me fully; she said, that, as a great favour, her gra mother had obtained leave from some great la to send her to a charity-school; that she w there every day to learn to read and work, that the mistress of the charity-school used I scholars very severely, and often kept them hours, after they had done their own tasks, spin for her, and that she beat them if they not spin as much as she expected; the little gi grandmother then said, that she knew all th but that she did not dare to complain, becan the schoolmistress was under the patronage some of the "grandest ladies in Edinburgh and that as she could not afford to pay for I little lass's schooling, she was forced to he her taught as well as she could for nothing.

Forester, fired with indignation at this hister of injustice, resolved, at all events, to stand for immediately in the child's defence; but, wither staying to consider how the wrong could redressed, he thought only of the quickest, as he said, the most manly way of doing the buness; he declared, that if the little girl wou shew him the way to the school, he would go the instant and speak to the woman in the midst all her scholars. Henry in vain represent that this would not be a prudent mode of preceding.

Forester disdained prudence, and, trusti securely to the power of his own eloquence, set out with the child, who seemed rather afre to come to open war with her tyrant. Hen was obliged to return home to his father, w had usually business for him to do about this time. The little girl had stayed at home on account of her grandmother's illness, but all the other scholars were hard at work, spinning in a close room, when Forester arrived.

The wheels stopped at once on his appearance, and the school-mistress, a raw-boned intrepid looking woman, eyed him with amazement; he

broke silence in the following words:

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"Vile woman! your injustice is come to "light. How can you dare to tyrannize over "these poor children? Is it because they are "poor? Take my advice, children, resist this "tyrant, put by your wheels, and spin for her "no more."

The children did not move, and the schoolmistress poured out a torrent of abuse in broad Scotch, which, to the English ear of Forester, was unintelligible. At length she made him comprehend her principal questions—Who he was? and by whose authority he interfered between her and her scholars? "By nobody's authority," was Forester's answer: "I want no authority to speak in the cause of injured innocence." No sooner had the woman heard these words, than she called to her husband, who was writing in an adjoining room: without further ceremony, they both seized upon our hero, and turned him out of the house.

The woman revenged herself without mercy upon the little girl, whom Forester had attempted to defend, and dismissed her, with advice never more to complain of being obliged to spin for her mistress.

Mortified by the ill success of his enterprize; Forester returned home, attributing the failure of his eloquence chiefly to his ignorance of the Scotch dialect.

THE CANARY BIRD.

AT his return, Forester heard that all Dr. Campbell's family were going that evening to visit a gentleman, who had an excellent cabinet of minerals. He had some desire to see the fossils; but, when he came to the gentleman's house, he soon found himself disturbed at the praises bestowed by some ladies in company upon a little canary bird, which belonged to the mistress of the house. He began to kick his feet together to hang first one arm, and then the other, ev the back of his chair, with the obvious expres sions of impatience and contempt in his cour tenance. Henry Campbell in the mean time said without any embarrassment, just what he though about the bird. Archibald Mackenzie, with a tificial admiration, said a vast deal more than h thought, in hopes of effectually recommending himself to the lady of the house. The lady to him the history of three birds, which had sug cessively inhabited the cage before the press

upier. "They all died," continued she, "in ost extraordinary manner, one after another,

1 short space of time, in convulsions."

'Don't listen," whispered Forester, pulling nry away from the crowd, who surrounded the d-cage; "how can you listen, like that polite pocrite, to this foolish woman's history of her raordinary favourites. Come down stairs with, I want to tell you my adventure with the colmistress; we can take a turn in the hall I come back, before the cabinet of minerals is ened, and before these women have finished ceremony of tea: come."

'I'll come presently," said Henry, "I really

nt to hear this."

Henry Campbell was not listeniug to the histoof the lady's favourite birds like a polite hypite, but like a good natured sensible person; circumstances recalled to his memory the iversation that we formerly mentioned, which ran about pickled cucumbers, and ended with . Campbell's giving an account of the effects some poisons. In consequence of this converion. Henry's attention had been turned to the piect, and he had read several essays, which I informed him of many curious facts.* He relected in particular to have met with the acint of a bird who had been poisoned, and ose case bore a strong resemblance to the sent. He begged leave to examine the cage, order to discover whether there were any lead out it, with which the birds could have poison-

^{*}Falconer on the poison of lead and copper.

ed themselves. No lead was to be found; he next examined whether there were any white of green paint about it; he inquired whence the water came, which the birds had drunk, and he examined the trough which held their seeds. The lady, whilst he was pursuing these inquiries, said she was sure that the birds could not have died either for want of air or exercise. for that she often left the cage open on purpose, that they might fly about the room. Henry immediately looked round the room, and at length observed in an ink-stand which stood upon a writing table a number of wafers, which were many of them chipped around the edges; upon sweeping ou the bird-cage, he found a few very small bits o wafer mixed with the seeds and dust: he was now persuaded, that the birds had eaten the wa fers, and that they had been poisoned by the rec lead which they contained; he was confirmed it this opinion, by being told that the wafers had lately been missed very frequently, and it has been imagined that they had been used by the servants. Henry begged the lady would try a experiment, which might probably save the life of her favourite; the lady, though she had neve before tried an experiment, was easily prevailed She promised Henry that she would lock up the wafers, and he prophecied that her bin would not, like his predecessors, come to an un timely end. Archibald Mackenzie was vexe to observe, that knowledge had, in this instance , succeeded better, even with a lady, than flattery As for Forester, he would certainly have admire his friend Henry's ingenuity, if he had been at ding to what passed, but he had taken a book, had seated himself in an arm chair, which had in placed on purpose for an old gentleman in npany; and was deep in the history of a man, o had been cast away some hundred years ago on a desert island.

He condescended, however, to put down his ok, when the fossils were produced; and, as if had just awakened from a dream, rubbed his es, stretched himself, and joined the rest of the The malicious Archibald, who observthat Forester had seated himself, through abse of mind, in a place which prevented some the ladies from seeing the fossils, instantly made arade of his own politeness, to contrast himself antageously with the rude negligence of his npanion; but Archibald's politeness was always ticularly directed to the persons in company, om he thought of the most importance. i't see there," said Forester, suddenly rousing aself, and observing that Dr. Compbell's daugh-, Miss Flora Campbell, was standing behind "had not you better sit down in this I don't want it, because I can see over ir head; sit down." Archibald smiled at Forer's simplicity, in paying his awkward complint to the young lady, who had, according to mode of estimation, the least pretensions to ice of any present. Flora Campbell was neir rich, nor beautiful, but she had a happy tture in her manners of Scottish sprightliness. I English reserve. She had an eager desire to prove herself, whilst a nice sense of propriety ght her never to intrude upon general notice.

or to recede from conversation with the airs of counterfeit humility. Forester admired her abilities, because he imagined that he was the only person who had ever discovered them; as to her manners he never observed these, but even whilst he ridiculed politeness, he was anxious to find out what she thought polite. After he had told her all that he knew concerning the fossils, as they were produced from the cabinet, and he was far from ignorant, he at length perceived, that she knew full as much of natural history as he did, and he was surprised that a young lady should know so much, and should not be conceited. Flora, however, soon sunk many degrees in his opinion; for, after the cabinet of mineralogy was shut, some of the company talked of a ball, which was to be given in a few days, and Flora with innocent gavety said to Forester, "Have you learned to dance a Scotch reel, since you came to Scotland?" cried Forester with contempt, "do you think it the height of human perfection to dance a Scotch reel ?-then that fine young laird, Mr. Archibald Mackenzie, will suit you much better than I shall."

And Forester returned to his arm chair, and his desert island.

THE KEY.

It was unfortunate that Forester retired from company in such abrupt displeasure at Flora Campbell's question, for had he borne the idea of a Scotch reel more like a philosopher, he would have heard something interesting relative to the intended ball, if any thing relative to a ball could be interesting to him. It was a charity ball, for the benefit of the mistress of the very charity school,* to which the little girl with the bruised band belonged. "Do you know," said Henry to Forester when they met, "that I have great hopes we shall be able to get justice done to the poor children. I hope the tyrannical school-mistress may yet be punished. The lady with whom we drank tea yesterday, is one of the patronesses of the charity school."

"Lady patronesses!" cried Forester, "we need not expect justice from a lady patroness, depend upon it, especially at a ball; her head will be full of feathers, or some such things. I prophecy you will not succeed, better than I have

succeeded."

The desponding prophecies of Forester did not

^{*}There is no charity school of this description in Edinburgh; this cannot therefore be mistaken for private

deter Henry from pursuing a scheme which he had formed. The lady who was the mistress of the canary bird, came in a few days to visit his mother, and she told him, that his experiment had succeeded, that she had regularly locked up the wafers, and that her favourite bird was in perfect health. "And what fee, Doctor," said she, smiling, "shall I give you for saving his life?"

"I will tell you in a few minutes," replied Henry, and in a few minutes the little girl and her geranium were sent for, and appeared.—Henry told the lady all the circumstances of her story with so much feeling, and, at the same time with so much propriety, that she became warmly interested in the cause: she declared that she would do every thing in her power, to prevail upon the other ladies to examine into the conduct of the school-mistress, and to have her dismissed immediately, if it should appear that she had behaved improperly.

Forester, who was present at this declaration, was much astonished that a lady, whom he had seen caressing a canary bird, could speak with so much decision and good sense. Henry obtained his fee; he asked and received permission to place the geranium in the middle of the supper table at the ball. Henry begged, that the lady would also take an opportunity at supper, to mention the circumstances which he had related to her; but this she declined, and politely said that she was sure Henry would tell the story much better than

she could.

"Come out and walk with me," said Forestor to Henry, as soon as the lady was gone. Henry frequently left his occupations with great good nature to accompany our hero in his rambles, and he usually followed the subjects of conversation which Forester started. He saw, by the gravity of his countenance, that he had something of importance revolving in his mind. After he had proceeded in silence for some time along the walk, under the high rock called Arthur's seat, he suddenly stopped, and turning to Henry exclaimed, "I esteem you, do not make me despise you!"

"I hope I never shall," said Henry, a little surprised by his friend's manner, "what is the

matter ?"

Leave balls and lady patronesses, and petty artifices, and supple address to such people as Archibald Mackenzie," pursued Forester with renthusiasm,

"Who noble ends by noble means pursues," "Will scorn canary birds, and cobble-shoes,"

replied Henry, laughing: "I see no meaning in my conduct, I do not know what it is that you disapprove?"

"I do not approve," said Forester, " of your having recourse to mean address to obtain jus-

tice."

Henry requested to know what his severe friend meant by address, but this was not easily explained. Forester, in his definition of mean address, included all that attention to the feelings of others, all those honest arts of pleasing, which make society agreeable. Henry endeavoured to convince

him, that it was possible for a person to wish to please, nay even to succeed in that wish, without being insingere. Their argument and their walk continued, till Henry, who, though very active, was not quite so robust as his friend, was completely tired, especially as he preceived, that Forester's opinions remained unshaken.

"How effeminate you gentlemen are!" cried Forester: "See what it is to be brought up in the lap of luxury. Why I am not at all tired; I could walk a dozen miles farther, without being

in the least fatigued!"

Henry thought it a very good thing, to be able to walk a number of miles without being fatigued, but he did not consider it as the highest perfection of human nature. In his friend's present mood, nothing less could content him, and Forester went on to demonstrate to the weary Henry, that all fortitude, all courage, and all the manly virtues were inseparably connected with pedestrian indefatigability. Henry, with good natured presence of mind, which perhaps his friend would have called mean address, diverted our hero's rising indignation, by proposing that they should both go and look at a large brewery, which was in their way home, and with which Forester would, he thought, be entertained.

The brewery fortunately turned the course of Forester's thoughts, and instead of quarrelling with his friend for being tired, he condescended to postpone all further debate. Forester had, from his childhood, a habit of twirling a key, whenever he was thinking intently; the key had been produced, and had been twirling upon its ac-

edstomed thumb during argument upon address; and it was still in Forester's hand, when they went into the brewery. As he looked, and listened. the key was essential to his power of attending; at length, as he stopped to view a large brewing vat, the key unluckily slipped from his thumb, and fell to the bottom of the vat; it was so deep, that the tinkling sound of the key, as it touched the bottom, was scarcely heard. A young man who belonged to the brewery immediately descended by a ladder into the vat to get the key, but scarcely had he reached the bottom, when he fell down senseless. Henry Campbell was speaking to one of the clerks of the brewery, when this accident happened; a man came running to them with the news, "The vat has not been cleaned, it's full of bad air." "Draw him up, let down a hook and cords for him instantly, or he's a dead man," cried Henry, and instantly ran to the place. What was his terror, when he beheld Forester descending the ladder? He called to him to stop, he assured him that the man could be saved without his hazarding his life; but Forester persisted; he had one end of a cord in his hand, which he said he could fasten in an instant round the man's body. There was a sky-light nearly over the vat, so that the light fell directly upon the bottom.

Henry saw his friend reach the last rung of the ladder. As Forester stooped to put the rope round the shoulders of the man who lay insensible at the bottom of the vat, a sudden air of idiocy came over his animated countenace; his limbs seemed no longer to obey his will, his arms

dropped, and he fell insensible.

The spectators who were looking down from above, were so much terrified, that they could not decide to do any thing; some cried," it's all over with him?—Why would he go down!"—others ran to procure a hook—others called to him to take up the rope again, if he possibly could—but Forester could not hear or understand them. Henry Campbell was the only person who, in this scene of danger and confusion, had sufficient presence of mind to be of service.

Near the large vat into which Forester had descended, there was a cistern of cold water. Henry seized a bucket, which was floating in the cistern, filled it with water, and emptied the water into the vat, dashing it against the sides of the vat to disperse the water, and to displace the mephitic air.* He called to the people who surrounded him for assistance; the water expelled the air, and when it was safe to descend, Henry instantly went down the ladder himself, fastened the cord round Forester, who was now quite helpless.

"Draw him up!" said Henry. They drew him up. Henry fastened another cord round the body of the other man, who lay at the bottom of the vessel, and he was taken up in the same manner. Forester soon returned to his senses, when he was carried into the air; it was with more difficulty that the other man, whose animation had been longer suspended, was recovered; a length, however, by proper applications, his lunger played freely, he stretched himself, looked round

^{*}Carbonic acid gas.

on the people who were about him with an r of astonishment, and was some time before could recollect what had happened to him. orester, as soon as he recovered the use of his iderstanding, was in extreme anxiety to know, hether the poor man who went down for his y had been saved. His gratitude to Henry, hen he heard all that had passed, was expresd in the most enthusiastic manner.

"I acted like a madman, and you like a man 'sense," said Forester. "You always know ow to do good: I do mischief, whenever I atmpt to do good .- But now, don't expect, Hen-, that I should give up any of my opinions to ou, because you have saved my life. I shall ways argue with you just as I did before. Reember, I despise address. I dont yield a single oint to you. Gratitude shall never make me a cophant."

THE FLOWER-POT.

EACER to prove that he was not a sycophant, orester, when he returned home with his friend, lenry, took every possible occasion to contradict im, with even more than his customary rigidity; ay, he went farther still, to vindicate his sinceity.

Flora Campbell had never entirely recovered or hero's esteem, since she had unwittingly expressed her love for Scotch reels; but she wis happily unconcious of the crime she had com mitted, and was wholly intent upon pleasing her father and mother, her brother Henry-and herself. She had a constant flow of good spirits, and the charming domestic talent of making every trifle a source of amusement to herself and others; she was sprightly without being frivolous, and the uniform sweetness of her temper showed, that she was not in the least in want of flattery or dissipation, to support her gayety. But Forester, as the friend of her brother, thought it incumbent upon him, to discover faults in her, which no one else could discover, and to assist in her education, though she was only one year younger than himself. She had amused herself the morning that Forester and her brother were in the brewing vat, with painting a pasteboard covering, for the flower-pot, which held the poor little girl's geranium. Flora had heard from her brother of his intention to place it in the middle of the supper-table at the ball, and she flattered herself, that he would like to see it ornamented by her hands at his return. She produced it after dinner. Henry thanked her; and her father and mother were pleased to see her eagerness to oblige her brother. The cynical Forester alone refused his sympathy. He looked at the flower-pot with marked disdain, Archibald, who delighted to contrast himself wit the unpolished Forester, and who remarked the Flora and her brother were somewhat surprise at his unsociable fondness, slyly said, "There something in this flower-pot, Miss

ich does not suit Mr. Forester's correct taste; ish he would allow us to profit by his critins."

forester vouchsafed not a reply.

'Don't you like it, Forester?" said Henry.
'No, he does not like it," said Flora, smiling:
on't force him to say that he does."

'Force me to say I like what I don't like!" eated Forester; "no, I defy any body to do

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- But, why," said Dr. Campbell, laughing, thy such a waste of energy and magnanimity ut a trifle? If you were upon your trial for or death, Mr. Forester, you could not look re resolutely guarded, more as if you had worked up each corporeal agent to the terrible
- 'Sir," said Forester, who bore the laugh that raised against him with the air of a martyr, can bear even your ridicule in the cause of th." The laugh continued at the solemnity h which he pronounced these words. "I k," pursued Forester, "that those who do respect truth in trifles, will never respect it, natters of consequence."

h affectation, at this speech; and Henry and

Campbell's laughter instantly ceased.

'Do not mistake us," said Dr. Campbell; ve did not laugh at your principles, we only ghed at your manner."

And are not principles of rather more con-

uence than manners?" said Forester.

'Of infinitely more consequence," said Dr.

Campbell; "but why, to excelle may we not add agreeable manners not truth be amiable, as well as You, that have such enlarged view of the whole human race, are, I n desirous that your fellow creature truth as well as you love it yourse

"Certainly, I wish they did," s
"And have your observations usings of others, and upon your or
conclude, that we are most apt
things which always give us pain a
upon this principle, wish to make
ful as possible, in order to increas
it?"

"I don't wish to make truth Forester; "but at the same tim fault people can't bear pain. I who can't bear pain both of body not be good for any thing; for, in they will always," said Forester eye at Flora and her flower-pot, ways prefer flattery to truth, as a do."

At this sarcastic reflection, when aimed at the sex, lady Catharin bell, and all the ladies present, except to speak at once in their own v

As soon as there was any prosp Dr. Campbell resumed his argume est voice imaginable.

"But, Mr. Forester, without selves for the present with the ad dies, or of weak people, may I as of unnecessary pain you think it the duty of a strong person, a moral Samson, to bear?"

"Unnecessary pain? I do not think it is any

body's duty to bear unnecessary pain."

"Nor to make others bear it?"

" Nor to make others bear it."

"Then we need argue no farther. I congratulate you, Mr. Forester, upon your becoming so soon a proselyte to politeness."

"To politeness!" said Fosester, starting back.

"Yes, my good Sir; real politeness only teaches us to save others from unnecessary pain, and this you have just allowed to be your wish.—And now for the grand affair of Flora's flowerpot. You are not bound by politeness to tell any falsehoods; weak as she is, and a woman, I hope she can bear to hear the painful truth upon such an important occasion."

"Why," said Forester, who at last suffered his features to relax into a smile, "the truth then is, that I don't know whether the flowerpot be pretty or ugly, but I was determined not

to say it was pretty."

"But why," said Henry, "did you look so

heroically severe about the matter?"

"The reason I looked grave," said Forester,
"was because I was afraid that 'your sister Flora would be spoiled by all the foolish compliments that were paid to her and her flower-pot."

"You are very considerate; and Flora, I am sure, is much obliged to you," said Dr. Campbell, smiling, for being so clear sighted to the dangers of female vanity. You would not then, with a safe conscience, trust the completion of her eduration to her mother, or to myself?"

"I am sure, Sir," said Forester, who the first time, seemed sensible, that he spoken with perfect propriety, "I would terfere impertinently for the world. You best judges, only I thought parents were be partial. Henry has saved my life, a interested for every thing that belongs So I hope if I said any thing rude, you tribute it to a good motive. I wish the pot had never made its appearance, for made me appear very impertinent."

Flora laughed with so much good hu his odd method of expressing his contriti even Forester acknowledged the influenc gaging manners and sweetness of tempolifted up the flower-pot, so as complescreen his face, and whilst he appeared to amining it, he said, in a low voice, to "She is above the foiles of her sex."

"She is above the foibles of her sex."
"Oh, Mr. Forester, take care!" cried

"Of what?" said Forester, starting.
"It is too late now," said Flora.

And it was too late: Forester, in his a manner of lifting the flower-pot, and its case, had put his thumbs into the moul which the flower-pot had been newly fil was quite soft and wet; Flora, when sh to him, saw the two black thumbs just restamp themselves upon her work; and he ing only accelerated its fate; for the instepoke, the thumbs closed upon the paint ering, and Forester was the last to percemischief that he had done.

There was no possibility of effacing the

r was there time to repair the damage, for the ll was to commence in a few hours, and Flora s obliged to send her disfigured work, without ving had the satisfaction of hearing the ejacuion, which Forester pronounced in her praise hind the flower-pot.

THE BALL.

HENRY seized the moment when Forester was tened by the mixed effect of Dr. Campbell's llery, and Flora's good humour, to persuade n, that it would be perfectly consistent with and philosophy to dress himself for a ball, nay, en to dance a country dance. The word reel, which Forester had taken a dislike, Henry ndently forebore to mention; and Flora obserng. and artfully imitating her brother's prunce, substituted the word heys instead of reels her conversation. When all the party were ady to go to the ball, and the carriages at the or, Forester was in Dr. Campbell's study, ading the natural history of the elephant. "Come," said Henry, who had been searching him all over the house, "we are waiting for u; I'm glad to see you dressed-come?" "I wish you would leave me behind," said, rester, who seemed to have relapsed into his mer unsociable humour, from having been t half an hour in his beloved solitude: nor ald Henry have prevailed, if he had not point-Vol. L

ed to the print of the elephant.* ty animal, you see, is so docile that he self be guided by a young boy,"

' and so must you."

As he spoke, he pulled Forester ge thought he could not show less docility favourite animal. When they entered room, Archibald Mackenzie asked Flor whilst Forester was considering where put his hat. " Are you going to danc I thought I had asked you to d I intended it all the time we v

ing in the coach."

Flora thanked him for his kind i whilst Archibald with a look of trium; his partner away, and the dance begai ter saw this transaction in the most seand it afforded him subject for medita least half a dozen country dances had ished. In vain the Berwick Jockey, land Laddie, and the Flowers of Edinbu played; "they suited not the gloomy He fixed him behind a pillar gainst music, mirth, and sympathy: upon the dancers with a cynical eye. he found an amusement that gratified I splenetic humour; he applied both his his ears, effectually to stop out the sou music, that he might enjoy the ridicul tacle of a number of people capering ab out any apparent motive. Forester caught the attention of some of the com

^{*}Cabinet of quadrupeds.

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deed, it was strikingly aukward. His elbows stuck out from his ears; and his head was sunk beneath his shoulders. Archibald Mackenzie was delighted beyond measure at this figure; and pointed him out to his acquaintance with all possible expedition. The laugh and the whisper circulated with rapidity. Henry, who was dancing, did not perceive what was going on, till his partner said to him, " Pray, who is that strange mortal ?"

"My friend," cried Henry-" Will you excuse me for one instant?"—And he ran up to Forester, and roused him from his singular atti-"He is," continued Henry, as he returned to his partner, " an excellent young man, and has superior abilities: we must not quarrel with him for trifles."

With what different eyes different people behold the same objects! Whilst Forester had been stopping his ears, Dr. Campbell, who had more of the nature of the laughing than of the weeping Philosopher, had found much benevolent pleasure in contemplating the festive scene. Not that any folly, or ridicule escaped his keen penetration; but he saw every thing with an indulzent eye; and if he laughed, laughed in such a manner, that even those who were the objects of his pleasantry, could scarcely have forborne to sympathize in his mirth. Folly, he thought, could be felt as properly, and quite as effectually corrected, by the tickling of a feather, as by the ash of the satirist. When lady Margaret M'Gregror, and lady Mary Milntosh, for instance, had dmost forced their unhappy partners into a quarel, to support their respective claims to lency, Dr. Campbell, who was appealed a he relation of both the furious fair ones, deci he difference expeditiously, and much to the nusement of the company, by observing, that he pretensions of both the ladies were incont vertible, and precisely balanced, there was one possible method of adjusting their preced en-He was convinced, he said, y—by their age. hat the youngest lady would, with pleasure, rield precedency with the elder. The contest was now, which should stand the lowest, instead of which should stand the highest, in the dance: and when the proofs of seniority could not be setled, the fair ones drew lots for their places, and submitted that to chance, which could not be deermined by prudence.

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Forester stood beside Dr. Campbell whilst all his passed, and wasted a considerable portion of virtuous indignation upon the occasion. look at that absurd creature!" exclaimed Forester, pointing out to Dr. Campbell a girl, who was footing and pounding for fame at a prodigious rate. Dr. Campbell turned from the pounding lady, to observe his own daughter Flora, aud a smile of lelight came over his countenance; for "parents are apt to be partial,"-especially those who have such daughters as Flora. Her light figure, and graceful agility, attracted the attention even of many impartial spectators: but she was not intent upon admiration; she seemed to be dancing in the gayety of her heart; and that was a species of gayety, in which every one sympathized, because it was natural, and of which evy one approved, because it was innocent.—
here was a certain delicacy mixed with her ortive humour, which seemed to govern, withit restraining the tide of her spirits. Her fathis eye was following her, as she danced to a rely Scotch tune, when Forester pulled Dr. impbell's cane, on which he was leaning, and claimed, "Doctor, I've just thought of an ex-Hent plan for a tragedy."

"A tragedy!" repeated Dr. Campbell, with ifeigned surprise;—" Are you sure you don't

ean a comedy?"

Forester persisted, that he meant a tragedy, id was proceeding to open the plot---". Don't ree me to your tragedy, now," said Dr. Campill, "or it will infallibly be condemned. I canta say that I have my buskin on; and I advise to take your's off.---Look, is that the tragic ise?"

Forester was astonished to find, that so great can as Dr. Campbell had so little the power ostraction; and he retired to muse upon the ing of his tragedy, in a recess under the gallery. But here he was not suffered to remain undisturbed; for near this spot hilip Goslin presently stationed himself; brchibald Mackenzie, who left off dancing as Sir Philip entered the room, came to f-intoxicated baronet; and they with some young men worthy of their acquaintance, so loud a contest concerning the number es of claret, which a man might, could, d drink at a setting, that even Forester's If abstraction failed, and his tragic muse flight. · E 2

"Supper! Supper! Thank God!" exclaims Sir Philip, as supper was now announced. "never set my foot in a ball-room," added he, with several suitable oaths, "if it was not for supper."

"Is that a rational being?" cried Forester to Doctor Campbell, after Sir Philip had passed

them.

"Speak a little lower," said Dr. Campbell, or he will infallibly prove his title to rationality, by shooting you, or by making you shoot him

through the head."

"But, Sir," said Forester, holding Dr. Campbell fast, whilst all the rest of the company were going down to supper—"how can you bear such a number of foolish, disagreeable people with patience?"

"What would you have me do?" said Doctor Campbell. "Would you have me get up and preach in the middle of a ball-room? Is it not as well, since we are here, to amuse ourselves with whatever can afford us any amusement, and to keep in good humour with all the world, especially with ourselves?—and had we not better follow the crowd to supper?"

Forester went down to supper; but as he crossed an anti-chamber, which led into the supper room, he exclaimed, "If I were a legislator,

I would prohibit balls."

"And if you were a legislator," said Doctor Gampbell, pointing to a tea-kettle which was on the fire in the anti-chamber, and from the spout of which a grey cloud of vapour issued—" if you were a legislator, would not you have stoppers wedged tight into the spout of all tea-kettles in your dominions?"

"No, Sir," said Forester; "they would

burst."

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"And do you think that folly would not burst, and do more mischief than a tea-kettle in the ex-

plosion, if you confined it so tight?"

Forester would willingly have staid in the anti chamber, to begin a critical dissection of this allusion; but Dr. Campbell carried him forwards into the supper room. Flora had kept a seat for her father; and Henry met them at the door.

"I was just coming to seek for you, Sir," said he to his father. "Flora began to think you

were lost."

"No," said Dr. Campbell, "I was only detained by a would-be Cato, who wanted me to quarrel with the whole world, instead of eating my supper. What would you advise me to eat, Flora ?" said he, seating himself beside her.

" Some of this trifle, papa;" and as she lightly removed the flowers with which it was ornamented, her father said, "Yes, give me some trifle, Flora! Some characters are like that trifle -flowers and light froth at the top, and solid, good, sweat meat beneath."

Forester immediately stretched out his plate for some trifle: "But I don't see any use in the flowers, Sir," said he.

" Nor any beauty?" said Dr. Campbell.

Forester picked the troublesome flowers out of his trifle, and eat a quantity of it sufficient for a stoic. Towards the end of the supper, he took some notice of Henry, who had made several in effectual efforts to amuse him, by sucstrokes of wit as seemed to suit the place. Time and place were never take Forester's consideration. He was secrepleased with his friend Henry, for having all the evening, instead of sitting still: all looked at Henry's partner with a scrutineye. "So," said he at last, "I observe I not been thought worthy of your conversationight: this is what gentlemen, polite gentles who dance reels, call friendship!"

"If I had thought that you would have it ill, that I should dance reels," said H laughing, "I would have made the sacrific reel at the altar of friendship: but we don't to a ball to make sacrifices to friendship, 1

divert ourselves."

"If we can," said Forester, sarcastical and here he was prevented from reproachi friend any longer; for a party of gentleme gan to sing catches, at the desire of the r

the company.

Forester was now intent upon criticisis nonsensical words that were sung; and he composing an essay upon the power of the cient bards, and the effect of national music, Flora's voice interrupted him: "Brother, she, "I have won my wager." The wage that Forester would not during supper, of the geranium, that was placed in the mide the table.

As soon as the company were satisfied, with their supper and their songs, Henry, mind was always present, and who, in the

of luxury and festivity, was awake to the feeling of benevolence, seized the moment when the was silence, to turn the attention of the company towards the object upon which his own though were intent. The lady-patroness, the mistre of the canary bird, had performed her promise she had spoken to several of her acquaintance concerning the tyrannical school-mistress; and now fixing the attention of the company upon the geranium, she appealed to Henry Campbell, and begged him to explain its history. A number of eager eyes turned upon him instantly; and Forester felt that if he had been called upon in such a manner, he could not have uttered a syllable. He now felt the great advantage of being able to speak without hesitation or embarrassment, before numbers. When Henry related the poor little girl's story, his language and manner were so unaffected and agreeable, that he interested every one who heard him in his cause. A subscription was immediately raised; every body was eager to contribute something to the shild, who had been so ready, for her old grandother's sake, to part with her favourite geranin. The lady who superintended the charityhool agreed to breakfast the next morning at . Campbell's, and to go from his house to the ool, precisely at the hour when the schooltress usually set her unfortunate scholars to r extra task of spinning.

orester was astonished at all this: he did consider, that negligence and inhumanity are by different. The lady patronesses had, aps, been rather negligent, in contenting themselves with seeing the charity childwell in procession to church; and not sufficiently inquired into the conduscion school-mistress: but as soon as the far properly stated, the ladies were eager themselves, and candidly acknowledged had been to blame in trusting so much reports of the superficial visitors, who ways declared, that the school was going fectly well.

"More people who are in the wrong,"
Dr. Campbell to Forester, "would be cored, if some people, who are in the right little candour and patience joined to their or virtues."

As the company rose from the supper tall several young ladies gathered round the ge nium, to admire Flora's pretty flower-pot. I black stains, however, struck every eye. I rester was standing by, rather embarrassed Flora, with her usual good nature, refrained fr all explanations, though the exclamations "How was that done?"—"Who could he done that?" were frequently repeated.

"It was an accident," said Flora: and, change the conversation, she praised the berty of the geranium; she gathered one of fragrant leaves; but as she was going to put amongst the flowers in her bosom, she observed had dropped her moss-rose. It was a rar at this time of the year. It was a rose, wh Henry Campbell had raised in a conservatory his own construction.

"Oh, my brother's beautiful rose!" exclai

ester, who had been much pleased by her ature about the stains on the flower-pot, contrary to his habits sympathised with her on for the loss of her brother's moss-rose. en exerted himself so far, as to search une benches, and under the supper-table.is fortunate enough to find it; and eager ore the prize, he, with more than his usuantry, but not with less than his customary ardness, crept from under the table, and hing half his body over a bench, pushed his etween two young ladies into the midst of oup which surrounded Flora. As his arm led, his wrist appeared; and at the sight : wrist, all the young ladies shrunk back mequivocal tokens of disgust. They whis--they tittered-and many expressive looks lost upon our hero; who still resolutely out the hand, upon which every eye was "Here's your rose! Is not this the rose?" e, still approaching the dreaded hand to , whose hesitations and blushes surprised Mackenzie burst into a loud laugh; and visper, which all the ladies could hear, orester, that " Miss Campbell was afraid e the rose out of his hands, lest she should from him what he caught from the carter rought him to Edinburgh, or from some of mpanions at the cobler's."

rester flung the rose he knew not where, gover the bench, rushed between Flora aother lady, made towards the door in a ht line, pushing every thing before him, till sage was made for him by the astonished.

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browd, who stood out of his way, as if he

a mad dog.

"Forester!" cried Henry and Dr. Camp who were standing upon the steps door, speaking about the ladies carriage "What's the matter?---Where are you goin

The carriage is coming to the door."

"I had rather walk--.don't speak to me,"
Forester. "I've been insulted--I am in a psion-- but I can command myself. I did not kn

him down .- Pray, let me pass!"

Our hero broke from Dr. Campbell and Henry with the strength of an enraged animal from his keepers; and he must have found his way home by instinct; for he ran on without considering how he went. He snatched the light from the servant, who opened the door at Dr. Campbell's—hurried to his own apartment—locked, double locked, and bolted the door—flung himself into a chair—and, taking breath, exclaimed.

"Thank God! I've done no mischief.—Thank God! I didn't knock him down!—Thank God! he is out of my sight!—and I am cool now—quite

cool-Let me recollect it all."

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Upon the coolest recollection, Forester could not reconcile his pride to his present circumstances. "Archibald spoke the truth—why am I angry?—why was I angry, I mean?" He reasoned much with himself upon the nature of true and false shame; he represented to himself, that the disorder which disfigured his hands was thought shameful, only because it was vulgar; that what was vulgar was not therefore immoral;

that the young tittering ladies, who shrank b from him, were not supreme judges of right wrong, that he ought to despise their opinio and he despised them with all his might, for the or three hours, as he walked up and down h room with unremitting energy. At length of peripatetic philosopher threw himself upon hi bed, determined that his repose should not be disturbed by such trifles: he had by this time worked himself up to such a pitch of magnanimity, that he thought he could with composure meet the disapproving eye of millions of his fellowcreatures; but he was alone when he formed this erroneous statement of the strength of the human Wearied with passion and reason, he fell asleep, dreamed that he was continually presenting flowers, which nobody would accept; wakened at the imaginary repetition of Archibald's laugh, composed himself again to sleep, and dreamed that he was in a glover's shop, trying on gloves, and that amongst a hundred pair which he pulled on, he could not find one that would fit him. Just as he tore the last pair in his urry, he awakened, shook off his foolish dream, w the sun rising between two chimnies many et below his window, recollected that in a short e he should be summoned to breakfast; that the lady-patronesses were to be at this break-; that he could not breakfast in gloves; that hibald would, perhaps, again laugh, and Flora aps again shrink back. He reproached himor his weakness in foreseeing and dreadis scene. His aversion to lady-patronesses. balls, was never at a more formidable I. F

height: he sighed for liberty and which he persuaded himself were in his present situation. In or walks, he remembered to have miles distance from the town of the road to Leith, a gardener and were singing at their work. The ed to Forester to be yet happier the who formerly was the object of and he was persuaded, that he whappier at the gardener's cottage ever be at Dr. Campbell's house

"I am not fit," said he to his amongst idle gentlemen and ladie happy if I were a useful member gardener is a useful member of will be a gardener, and live with s

Forester threw off the clothes worn the preceding night at the f ed himself in his old coat, tied up of linen, and took the road to Leit

BREAKFAST.

TEN Henry found that Forester was not in som in the morning, he concluded that he ambled out towards Salisbury Craigs, whithtalked the preceding day of going to bo-

am surprised," said Dr. Campbell, "that oung gentleman is out so early, for I have a n he has not had much sleep since we d, unless he walks in his sleep, for he has walking over my poor head half the night." eakfast went on—no Forester appeared.—Catherine began to fear that he had broken eck upon Salisbury Craigs, and related all ills she had ever had, or had ever been near g, in carriages, on horseback, or otherwise. then entered into the geography of Salisburaigs, and began to dispute upon the probaof his having fallen to the east, or to the

My dear Lady Catherine," said Doctor bell, "we are not sure that he has been Salisbury Craigs; whether he have fallen east, or to the west, we cannot therefore eniently settle."

t lady Catharine, whose prudential imagintravelled fast, went on to inquire of Dr. sbell, to whom the great Forester estate would go, in case of any accident having be ed, or happening to the young gentle man, bear

he should come of age.

Dr. Campbell was preparing to give her lad ship satisfaction upon this point, when a server put a letter into his hands. Henry looked great anxiety—Dr. Campbell glanced his error over the letter, put it into his pocket, and desire the servant to show the person who brought the letter into his study.

"It is only a little boy," said Archibald; " ~

saw him as I passed through the hall."

"Cannot a little boy go into my study?" said

Dr. Campbell, coolly.

Archibald's curiosity was strongly excited, and he slipped'out of the room a few minutes afterwards, resolved to speak to the boy, and to discover the purpose of his embassy. But Doctor Campbell was behind him, before he was aware of his approach, and just as Archibald began to cross-examine the boy in these words, "So you came from a young man who is about my size?" Dr. Campbell put both his hands upon his shoulders, saying "He came from a young man who does not in the least resemble you, believe me, Mr. Archibald Mackenzie."

Archibald started, turned round, and was so abashed by the civilly contemptuous look, with which Dr. Campbell pronounced these words, that he retired from the study, without even attempting any of his usual equivocating apologies for his intrusion. Dr. Campbell now read the letter which he had in his pocket. It was as

Pollows :

" Dear Sir,

"Though I have quitted your house thus abruptly, I am not insensible of your kindness. For the step I have taken I can offer no apology merely to my guardian, but you have treated me. Dr. Campbell, as your friend, and I shall lay my

whole soul open to you.

"Notwithstanding your kindness, notwithstanding the friendship of your son Henry, whose excellent qualities I know how to value, I must ingenuously own to you, that I have been far from happy in your house. I feel that I cannot be at ease in the vortex of dissipation; and the more I see of the higher ranks of society, the more I regret that I was born a gentleman.-Neither my birth nor my fortune shall, however, restrain me from pursuing that line of life which I am persuaded leads to virtue and tranquility. Let those who have no virtuous indignation, obey the voice of Fashion! and at her commands, let her slaves eat the bread of idleness till it palls upon the sense! I reproach myself with having vielded, as I have done of late, my opinions to the persuasions of friendship; my mind has become enervated, and I must fly from the fatal contagion. Thank heaven, I have yet the power to fly—I have yet sufficient force to break my chains-I am not yet reduced to the mental degeneracy of the base monarch who hugged his fetters because they were of gold.

"I am conscious of powers that fit me for something better than to waste my existence in a ball-room; and I will not sacrifice my liberty to the absurd ceremonies of daily dissipation.

that have been the laughing stock of and frivolous, have yet sufficient manly extinguished in my breast to assert my claim your esteem; to assert that I never have mitted, or shall designed yourmit any action

worthy of the friend of your son.

"I do not write to Henry, lest I should in a way involve him in my misfortunes. He is for ed to shine in the polite world, and his connexi with me might tarnish the lustre of his charact in the eyes of the 'nice-judging fair.' I hope, however, that he will not utterly discard me from his heart, though I cannot dance a reel.— I beg that he will break open the lock of the trunk that is in my room, and take out of it my Goldsmith's Animated Nature, which he seemed to like.

"In my table-drawer there are my Martyn's Letters on Botany, in which you will find a number of plants that I had dried for Flora—Miss Flora Campbell, I should say. After what passed last night, I can scarcely hope they will be accepted. I would rather have them burned than refused; therefore please to burn them, and say nothing more upon the subject. Dear sir, do not judge harshly of me; I have had a severe conflict with myself, before I could resolve to leave you. But I would rather that you should judge of me with severity, than that you should extend to me the same species of indulgence with which you last night viewed the half-intoxicated baronet.

" I can bear any thing but contempt.

[&]quot; Yours, &c.

[&]quot;FORESTER."

P. S. I trust that you will not question bearer; he knows where I am. I therefore you on your guard. I mean to earn my ownered as a gardener; I have always preferre the agricultural to the commercial system."

To this letter, in which the mixture of sense and extravagance did not much surprise Doctor Campbell, he returned the following answer:

"My dear cobler, gardener, orator, or by whatever other name you choose to be addressed. I am too old to be surprised at any thing, otherwise I might have been rather surprised at some things in your eloquent letter. You tell me that you have the power to fly, and that you do not hug your chains, though they are of gold? Are you an alderman, or Dedalus? or are these only figures of speech? You inform me, that you cannot live in the vortex of dissipation, or eat the bread of idleness, and that you are determined to be a gardener. These things seem to have no necessary connexion with each other. Why ou should reproach yourself so bitterly for aving spent one evening of your life in a ball-bom, which I suppose is what you allude to hen you speak of a vortex of dissipation, I am a loss to discover. And why you cannot, with ast, find any occupation more worthy of your nts, and as useful to society, as that of a garer, I own, puzzles me a little. Consider these gs coolly; return to dinner, and we will comat our leisure the advantages of the mercanand the agricultural systems. I forbear to tion your messenger as you desire, and I

all not show your letter to Henry we dined. I hope by that time you bon my burning it; which, at your hall do with pleasure, although it con ral good sentences. As I am not yet have departed this life, I shall not enter u office of executor; I shall not break op lock of your trunk, (of which I hope y some time, when your mind is less exalte the key,) nor shall I stir in the difficult Flora's legacy. When next you write you let me, for the sake of your executor, advi to be more precise in your directions, fo can be done if you order him to give and the same thing in the same sentence? have, amongst your other misfortunes, th fortune to be born heir to five or six thou year, you should learn a little how to I your own affairs, lest you should, among poor or rich companions, meet with sor are not quite so honest as yourself.

"If, instead of returning to dine with should persist in your gardening scheme have less esteem for your good sense, be forbear to reproach you. I shall leave learn by your own experience, if it be power to give you the advantages of me But, at the same time. I shall discover you are, and shall inform myself experience, and shall inform myself experience are given by the same time. I shall discove you are, and shall inform myself experience are given by the same time. I shall discove your proceedings. This, as your my duty. I should further warn shall not, whilst you choose to live it low your own, supply you with you yearly allowance. Two hundred

l be an extravagant allowance in your precircumstances. I do not mention money my idea to influencing your generous mind ercenary motives; but it is necessary that hould not deceive yourself by inadequateiments. You cannot be rich and poor at the time. I gave you the day before yesterive ten-guinea notes for your last quarterly ance; I suppose you have taken these with therefore you cannot be in any immediate ss for money. I am sorry, I own, that you well provided, because a man who has uineas in his pocket-book, cannot distinctly that it is to earn his own bread.

Do not, my dear ward, think me harsh; my ship for you gives me courage to inflict nt pain, with a view to your future advan-

You must not expect to see any thing of friend Henry until you return to us. It as his father, and your guardian, request e will trust implicitly to my prudence upon ecasion; that he will make no enquires rning you; and that he will abstain from all ction with you whilst you absent yourself your friends. You cannot live amongst the r (by the vulgar I mean the ill-educated, norant, those who have neither noble sennorant, those who have neither noble sennorant those who have neither noble sennoy the pleasures of cultivated society. I wait, not without anxiety, till your choice cided.

Believe me to be
Your sincere friend,
and guardian,

"H. CAMPBELL, SED."

As soon as Dr. Campbell had dispatched. letter, he returned to the company. The after breakfast proceeded to the charity-se hoof but Henry was so anxious to learn what was be come of his friend Forester, that he could scarce ly enjoy the effects of his own benevolent exertions. It was with difficulty, such as he had ne ver before experienced, that Dr. Campbell obtained from him the promise to suspend all intercourse with Forester. Henry's first impulse. when he read the letter, which his father now found it prudent to show him, was to search for his friend instantly. "I am sure," said he, "I shall be able to find him out; and if I can but see him and speak to him, I know I could prevail upon him to return to us."

"Yes," said Dr. Campbell, "perhaps you might persuade him to return; but that is not the object, unless his understanding be convinced.

what should we gain ?"

"It should be convinced. I could convince

him," cried Henry.

"I have, my dear son," said Dr. Campbell, smiling, "the highest opinion of your logic and eloquence; but are your reasoning powers stronger to-day than they were yesterday? Have you any new argument to produce? I thought you had exhausted your store without effect." Henry paused.

"Believe me," continued his father, lowering his voice, "I am not insensible to your friend's good, and, I will say, great qualities; I do not leave him to suffer evils, without feeling as much perhaps as you can do; but I am convinced that

the solidity of his character, and the happiness of his whole life will depend upon the impression that is now made upon his mind by realities. He will see society as it is. He has abilities and generosity of mind which will make him a first-rate character, if his friends do not spoil him out of false kindness, Henry."

Henry at these words held out his hand to his father, and gave him the promise which he de-

sired:

"But," added he, "I still have hopes from your letter—I should not be surprised to see Forester at dinner to-day."

"I should," said Dr. Campbell.

Dr. Camphell, alas! was right. Henry looked eagerly towards the door every time it opened when they were at dinner; but he was continually disappointed. Flora, whose gayety usually enlivened the evenings, and agreeably relieved her father and brother after their morning stud-

ies, was now silent.

Whilst lady Catharine's volubility overpowered even the philosophy of Dr. Campbell, she wondered, she never ceased wondering that Mr. Forester did not appear—and that the Dr. and Mrs. Campbell, and Henry, and Flora, were not more alarmed. She proposed sending twenty different messengers after him. She was now convinced that he had not fallen from Salisbury Craigs, because Dr. Campbell assured her ladyship, that he had a letter from him in his pocket, and that he was safe; but she thought that there was imminent danger of his enlisting in a frolic, or perhaps marrying some cohlex's daughter in a pet. She turned to Archibald.

Mackenzie, and exclaimed "he was at a cobiit could not be merely to mend his she
What sort of a lassie is the cobler's daughte
or has the cobler a daughter?"

"She is hump-backed, luckily," said Dock

Campbell, cooly.

"That does not signify," said Lady Cathering." I am convinced she is at the bottom of the whole mystery—for I once heard Mr. Foreste say, and I'm sure you must recollect it, Flora my dear, for he looked at you at the time—once heard him say that personal beauty was merit, and that ugly people ought to be likedor some such thing—out of humanity. Now, ou of humanity, with his odd notions, it's ten to one Dr. Campbell, he marries this hump-backed cobler's daughter—I'm sure if I was his guardian, I could not rest an instant with such a thought in my head."

"Nor I," said Dr. Campbell, quietly; and in spite of her ladyship's astonishment, remonstrances and conjectures, he maintained his resolute

composure.

THE GARDENER.

THE gardener that lived on the road to Leith who had struck Forester's fancy, was a square, thick, obstinate-eyed, hard-working, ignorant, elderly man, whose soul was intent upon his petty daily gains, and whose honesty was of that "coarse-spun vulgar sort,"* which alone can be expected from men of uncultivated minds. Mr. Mac Evey, for that was the gardener's name, was both good natured and selfish; his views and ideas all centered in his own family, and his affection was accumulated and reserved for two individuals, his son and his daughter. The son was not so industrious as the father; he was ambitious of seeing something of the world, and he consorted with all the young 'prentices in Edinburgh who would condescend to forget that he was a country boy, and to remember that he expected, when his father should die, to be rich. Mr. Mac Evoy's daughter was an ugly, cross-looking girl, who spent all the money that she could either earn or save, upon ribands and fine gowns, with which she fancied she could supply all the defects of her person.

This powerful motive for her economy operated incessantly upon her mind, and she squeezed all that could possibly be squeezed for her private use from the frugal household. The

^{*}Mrs. Barbauld's Essay on the Inconsistency of Human Wishes.

boy, whose place Forester thought himself at fortunate to supply, had left the gardener, because he could not bear to work and be scolded

without eating or drinking.

The gardener willingly complied with our hero's first request; he gave him a spade, and he set him to work. Forester dug with all the energy of an enthusiast, and dined like a philosopher upon colcannon; but celcannon did not charm him so much the second day as it had done the first; and the third day it was yet less to his taste: besides, he began to notice the difference between oaten and wheaten bread. He however recollected that Cyrus lived, when he was a lad, upon water-cresses—the black broth of the Sportans he likewise remembered, and he would not complain. He thought that he should soon accustom himself to his scanty homely fare. number of the disagreeable circumstances of poverty he had not estimated when he entered upon his new way of life; and though at Dr. Campbell's table he had often said to himself, " I could do very well without all these things," yet, till he had actually tried the experiment, he had not clear ideas upon the subject. He missed a number of little pleasures and conveniences which he had scarcely noticed, whilst they had every day presented themselves as matters of course. occupation of digging was laborious, but it afforded no exercise to his mind, and he felt most severely the want of Henry's agreeable conversation-he had no one to whom he could now talk of the water-cresses of Cyrus, or the black broth of the Spartans: he had no one with whom he

could dispute concerning the stoic or the epicurean doctrines, the mercantile or the agricultural system. Many objections to the agricultural system which had escaped him, occurred now to his mind; and his compassion for the worms, which he was obliged to cut in pieces continually with his spade, acted every hour more forcibly upon his benevolent heart. He once attempted to explain his feelings for the worms to the gardener, who stared at him with all the insolence of ignorance, and bid him mind his work, with a tone of authority, which ill suited Forester's feelings, and love of independence.

"Is ignorance thus to command knowledge? Is reason thus to be silenced by beerish stupidity?" said Forester to himself, as he recollected the patience and candour with which Dr. Campbell and Henry used to converse with him. He began to think, that in cultivated literary society he had enjoyed more liberty of mind, more freedom of opinion, than he could taste in the company of an illiterate gardener. The gardener's son, though his name was Colin, had no Arcadian simplicity, nothing which could please the classic taste of Forester, or which could recal to his mind the Eclogues of Virgil, or the golden age, "the Gentle Shepherd," or the Ayreshire ploughman.† Colin's favourite holiday's diversion was playing at goff: this game, which is played with a bat loaded with lead, and with a ball which is harder than a cricket-ball, requires much strength and dexterity. Forester used

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sometimes to accompany the gardener's son to the Links* where numbers of people of different descriptions are frequently seen practising this diversion. Our hero was ambitious of excelling at the game of goff: and as he was not particularly adroit, he exposed himself, in his first attempts, to the diversion of the spectators, and he likewise received several severe blows. Co-lin laughed at him without mercy; and Forester could not help comparing the rude expressions of his new companion's untutored vanity, with the unassuming manners and unaffected modesty of Henry Campbell. Forester soon took an aversion to the game of goff, and recollected Scotch reels, with less contempt.

One evening, after having finished his task of digging—for digging was now become a task—he was going to take a walk to a lake near Edinburgh: when Colin, who was at the same instant setting out for the Links, roughly insisted upon Forester's accompanying him. Our hero, who was never much disposed to yield to the taste of others, positively refused the gardener's son, with some imprudent expressions of contempt. From this moment Colin became his enemy, and by a thousand malicious devices contrived to show

his vulgar hatred.

Forester, now, to his great surprise, discovered that hatred could exist in a cottage. Female vanity, he likewise presently perceived, was not confined to the precincts of a ball-room; he found that Miss Mac Evoy spent every leisure moment in

^{*}A lee or common near Edinburgh.

B contemplation of her own coarse image in a ictured looking-glass. He once ventured to press his dislike of a many-coloured plaid, in nich Miss Mac Evoy had arrayed herself for a nce: and the fury of her looks, and the loudned vulgarity of her conceit, were strongly ntrasted with the recollection of Flora Campll's gentle manners, and sweetness of temper. ne painted flower-pot was present to his imanation, and he turned from the lady who stood fore him with an air of disgust, which he had ither the wish nor the power to conceal. The nsequences of effending this high spirited damour hero had not sufficiently considered; the other and sister, who seldom agreed in any ng else, now agreed, though from different tives, in an eager desire to torment Forester. henever he entered the cottage, either to rest nself. or to partake of those "savoury messes, ich the neat-handed Phillis dresses," he was ceived with sullen silence, or with taunting proach. The old gardener, stupid as he was, rester thought an agreeable companion, comred with his insolent son and his vixen daugh-The happiest hours of the day, to our hewere those which he spent at his work; his ections, repressed and disappointed, became a irce of misery to him.

"Is there nothing in this world to which I can ach myself?" said Forester, as he one day med upon his spade in a melancholy mood—nust I spend my life in the midst of absurd alcations?—Is it for this that I have a heart and understanding?—No one here comprehends.

one word I say—I am an object of centers hatred, whilst my soul is formed for the nevolent feelings, and capable of the mossive views. And of what service am I to low creatures? Even the stupid garders a common labourer is as useful to socre am. Compared with Henry Campbell, will? Oh, Henry!—Flora!—could you see

this instant, you would-pity me."

But the fear of being an object of pity ed Forester's pride; and though he felt t was unhappy, he could not bear to acknow that he had mistaken the road to happiness imaginary picture of rural felicity was not sure realized; but he resolved to bear l appointment with fortitude; to fulfil his e ments with his master, the gardener, and t seek some other more eligible situation. mean time, his benevolence tried to expand upon the only individual in this family who ed him tolerably well: he grew fond of t gardener, because there was nothing elshim to which he could attach himself, not e dog or a cat. The old man, whose tempe not quite so enthusiastical as Forester's. upon him as an industrious simple young n bove the usual class of servants, and rather ed to keep him in his service; because he him less than the current wages. Forestei his late reflections upon digging, began to that by applying his understanding to the bu of gardening, he might perhaps make som coveries, which should excite his master's lasting gratitude, and immortalize his own

He pledged a shirt and a pair of stockings at a poor bookseller's stall, for some volumes upon gardening; and these, in spite of the ridicule of Colin and Miss Mac Evoy, he studied usually at his meals. He at length met with an account of some experiments upon fruit trees, which he thought would infallibly make the gardener's fortune.

"Did you not tell me," said Forester to the gardener, "that cherries were sometimes sold

very high in Edinburgh?"

"Five a penny," said the gardener; and he wished from the bottom of his heart that he had a thousand cherry-trees, but he possessed only one.

He was considerably alarmed, when Forester proposed to him, as the certain means of making his fortune, to strip the bark off this cherry-tree, assuring him that a similar experiment had been tried, and had succeeded; that his cherry-tree would bear twice as many cherries, if he would only strip the bark from it. "Let me try one branch for an experiment—I will try one branch."

But the gardener peremptorily forbade all experiments; and shutting Forester's book, bade him leave such nonsense and mind his business.

Provoked by this instance of tyrannical ignorance, Forester forgot his character of a servant boy, and at length called his master an obstinate fool.

No sooner were these words uttered, than the gardener emptied the remains of his watering-pot coolly in Forester's face; and first paying him his wages, dismissed him from his service.

Miss Mac Evoy, who was at work, the door, made room most joyfully for 1 to pass, and observed that she had long sa.

phesied he would not do for them.

Forester was now convinced that it was sible to reform a positive old gardener, thim try new experiments upon cherry-treinterest him for the progress of science. I plored the perversity of human nature, the began, when he reflected upon the charact Miss Mac Evoy and her brother, to believe they were beings distinct from the rest of species; he was, at all events, glad to have d with such odious companions. On his from Leith to Edinburgh he had time for the reflections.

"Thirty shillings then with hard bodily I have earned for one month's service. Forester to himself. "Well, I will keep resolution. I will live upon the money I and upon that alone; I will not have recor my bank notes till the last extremity." Hout his pocket-book, however, and look them, to see that they were safe. "How wed," thought he, "must be that being, vobliged to purchase, in his utmost need, the ance of his fellow-creatures with such vilt as this! I have been unfortunate in my fir periment; but all men are not like this gardener, and his brutal son, incapable of terested friendship."

Here Forester was interrupted in his m tions by a young man, who accosted him v "Sir, if I don't mistake, I believe I have

of yours."

Forester looked up at the young man's face, and recollected him to be the person who had nearly lost his life in descending for his key into the brewing vat.

"I knew you again, sir," continued the brewer's clerk, "by your twirling those scissors upon your finger, just as you were doing that day at

the brewery."

Forester was unconscious, till this moment, that he had a pair of scissors in his hand: whilst the gardener was paying him his wages, to relieve his mauvaise honte, our hero took up Miss Mac Evoy's scissors, which lay upon the table, and twirled them upon his finger, as he used to do with a key. He was rather ashamed to perceive, that he had not yet cured himself of such a silly habit. "I thought the lesson I got at the brewery," said he, "would have cured me forever of this foolish trick; but the diminutive chains of habit," as somebody says, are scarcely ever heavy enough to be felt, till they are too strong to be broken."

"Sir"-said the astonished clerk-

"O, I beg your pardon," said our hero, whe now perceived by his countenance, that this observation on the peculiar nature of the chains of habit, was utterly unintelligible to him "pray, sir, can you tell me what o'clock it is?"

"Half after four—I am—Sir," said the clerk, producing his watch with the air of a man, who thought a watch a matter of some importance.—
"Hum!—He can't be a gentleman; he has no

^{*} Dr. Johnson's Vision of Theodore.

watch!" argued he with himself; and I at Forester's rough apparel with astonia Forester had turned back towards L. he might return Miss Mac Evoy her scisse brewer's clerk was going to Leith, to coll money for his master. As they walked young man talked to our hero with good but with a species of familiarity, which v ingly different from the respectful ma which he formerly addressed Forester, had seen him in a better coat, and in pany of a young gentleman.

"You have left Dr. Campbell's the he, looking with curiosity. Forester that he had left Dr. Campbell's, because ferred earning his own bread to living life amongst gentlemen and ladies.

The clerk, at this speech, looked ear Forester's face, and began to suspect,

was deranged in his mind.

As the gravity of our hero's looks, and briety of his demeanour, did not give an indications of insanity, the clerk, after a nutes consideration, inclined to believe, ester concealed the truth from him; the bly he was some dependent of Dr. Ca family; that he had displeased his frie had been discarded in disgrace. He v firmed in these suppositions by Forester him, that he had just left the service o dener; that he did not know where to fining for the night; and that he was in some employment, by which he might himself independently.

The clerk, who remembered with gratitude the intrepidity with which Forester had hazarded his life to save him the morning that he was at the brewery, and who had also some compassion for a young gentleman reduced to poverty. told him, that if he could write a good hand, knew any thing of accounts, and could get a character for punctuality (meaning to include honesty in this word) from any creditable people, he did not doubt that his master, who had large concerns, might find employment for him as under-clerk. Forester's pride was not agreeably soothed by the manner of this proposal, but he was glad to hear of a situation, to use the clerk's genteel expression; and he moreover thought, that he should now have an opportunity of comparing the commercial and agricultural systems.

The clerk hinted, that he supposed Forester would choose to "make himself smart, before he called to offer himself at the brewery, and advised him to call about six, as, by that time in the evening, his master was generally at leisure."

A dinner at a public house (for our hero did not know where else to dine,) and the further expence of a new pair of shoes, and some other articles of dress, almost exhausted his month's wages; he was very unwilling to make any of these purchases, but the clerk assured him that they were indispensable; and, indeed, at last, his appearance was scarcely upon a par with that did his friendly adviser.

THE BET.

BEFORE we follow Forester to the brewe must request the attention of our reade the history of a bet of Mr. Archibald Mazie's.

We have already noticed the rise and pro of this young gentleman's acquaintance wit

Philip Gosling. Archibald,

"Whose ev'ry frolic had some end in view, Ne'er play'd the fool, but play'd the rascal to

cultivated assiduously the friendship of this dissipated, vain young baronet, in hopes th might in process of time, make some adva of his folly. Sir Philip had an unfortunately opinion of his own judgment; an opinion i he sometimes found it difficult to inculcate the minds of others, till he hit upon the pendious method of laying high wagers in port of all his assertions. Few people cho venture a hundred guineas upon the turn straw. Sir Philip, in all such contests, can victorious; and he plumed himself much upo successes of his purse. Archibald affected greatest deference for Sir Philip's judgment as he observed that the baronet piqued hi upon his skill as a jockey, he flattered him fatigably upon this subject. He accompanie Philip continually in his long visits to the li

^{*} Anonymous.

s, and he made himself familiarly acquainted he keeper of the livery-stables, and even he hostlers. So low can interested pride de-! All these pains Archibald took, and more a very small object. He had set his fancy upwney, one of his friend's horses; and he had ibt, but that he should either induce sir Philip ke him a present of this horse, or that he I jockey him out of it by some well-timed bet. counting upon the baronet's generosity, Ard was mistaken. Sir Philip had that spef good nature, which can lend, but not that can give. He offered to lend the horse :hibald most willingly; but the idea of givwas far distant from his imagination. Ard, who at length, despaired of his friend's osity had recourse to his other scheme of ager. After having judiciously lost a few as to sir Philip in wagers, to confirm him extravagant opinions of his own judgment, bald, one evening, when the fumes of wine mity, operating together, had somewhat exthe man of judgment's imagination, urged y artful, hesitating contradiction, to assert ost incredible things of one of his horses, om he had given the name of Favourite. bald knew, from the best authority—from aster of the livery-stables, who was an exiced jockey, that Favourite was by no a match for Sawney; he therefore waited y, till sir Phillip Goslin laid a very considwager upon the head of his "Favourite." pald immediately declared, that he could .. I.

not, in conscience—that he could not, for the honor of Scotland, give up his friend Sawney.

"Sawney!" cried sir Philip; "I'll bet fifty guineas, that Favourite beats him hollow, at a walk, trot or gallop, whichever you please."

Archibald artfully affected to be startled at this defiance; and, seemingly desirous to draw back, pleaded his inability to measure purses with

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such a rich man as sir Philip.

"Nay, my boy," replied sir Philip, "that excuse shan't stand you in stead. You have a pretty little poney there, that lady Catharine has just given you; if you won't lay me fifty guineas, will you risk your poney against my judgment?"

Archibald had now brought his friend exactly to the point, at which he had been long aiming. Sir Philip staked his handsome horse Sawney against Archibald's sorry poney, upon this wager, that Favourite should, at the first trials, beat Saw-

ney at a walk, a trot, and a gallop.

Warmed with wine, and confident in his own judgment, the weak baronet insisted upon having the bet immediately decided. The gentlemen ordered out their horses, and the wager was to

be determined upon the sands of Leith.

Sir Philip Gosling, to his utter astonishment, found himself for once mistaken in his judgment. The treacherous Archibald coolly suffered him to exhale his passion in unavailing oaths, and at length rejoiced to hear him consoling himself with the boast, that this was the first wager upon horseflesh that he had ever lost in his life. The master of the livery stables stared with well-affected incredulity, when sir Philip, upon his return from

of Leith, informed him that Favourite a beat hollow by Sawney; and Archihis additional testimony, could scarcely him of the fact, till he put two guineas hand, when he recommended his new vney to his particular care. Sir Philip. not gifted with quick observation, did notice of this last convincing argument. is passed, he was talking eagerly to the vho confirmed him in his opinion, which epeated as loud as ever, "that Favourto have won." This point Archibald r avoided to contest; and he thus sucduping and flattering his friend at once. ney forever!" cried Archibald, as soon lip had left the stables .- " Sawney forepeated the hostler, and reminded Macat he had promised him half a guinea. I had no money in his pocket; but he he hostler, that he would remember him The next day, however, Archi-) was expert in parsimonious expedients, id that he had better delay giving the is half guinea, till it had been earned by of Sawney.

e usual error of cunning people, to take nted that others are fools. This hostened to be a match for our young laird in and as soon as he perceived, that it was l's intention to cheat him of the interest fguinea, he determined to revenge hims care of Sawney. We shall hereafter

success of his devices.

THE SADDLE AND BRIDLE.

SCARCELY had Archibald Mackenzie be two days in possession of the longwished for of ject of his mean soul, when he became dissati fied with his old saddle and bridle, which ce tainly did not, as sir Philip observed, suit his new The struggles in Archibald's mind betwixt his taste for expense, and his habits of saving were often rather painful to him. He had received from lady Catherine a ten guinea note. when he first came to doctor Campbell's: and he had withstood many temptations to change One morning (the day that he had accompanied Henry and Forester to the watchmaker's) he was so strongly charmed by the sight of a watch-chain and seals, that he actually took his bank-note out of his scrutoire at his return home, put it into his pocket when he dressed for dinner, and resolved to call that evening at the watchmaker's to indulge his fancy by purchasing the watch-chain, and to gratify his family pride by getting his coat of arms splendidly engraved upon the seal. He called at the watch-maker's, in company with sir Philip Gosling, but he could not agree with him respecting the price of the chain and seals; and Archibald consoled himself with the reflection, that his bank-note would still remain. He held the bank-note in his hand

whilst he higgled about the price of the watchohain.

'O, d-n the expence," cried sir Philip.

•• O, I mind ten guineas as little as any man," said Archibald, thrusting the bank note, in imitation of the baronet, with affected carelessness, into his waistcoat pocket. He was engaged that might to go to the play with sir Philip, and he was much hurried in dressing. His servant. observed that his waiscoat was stained, and looked out another for him.

Now this man sometimes took the liberty of wearing his master's clothes; and when Archibald went to the play the servant dressed himself in the stained waiscoat, to appear at a ball, which was given that night in the neighbourhood, by some "gentleman's gentleman." The waistcoat was rather too light for the servant-he tore it; and, instead of sending it to the washwoman's to have the stain washed out, as his master had desired, he was now obliged to send it to the

tailor's, to be mended.

Archibald's sudden wish for a new and bridle for Sawney could not be gratified without changing the bank note; and forgetting that he had left it in the pocket of his waistcoat the night that he went to the play, he searched for it in the scrutoire, in which he was accustomed to keep his treasures. He was greatly disturbed, when the note was not to be found in the scrutoire; he searched over and over again; not a pigeon-hole, not a drawer remained to be examined. He tried to recollect when he had last seen it, and at length remembered, that he out it into his waistcoat pocket, when he went to watch-maker's; that he had taken it out to at whilst he was in the shop; but whether had brought it home safely or no, he could precisely ascertain. His doubts upon this subjectively assertain his doubts upon the servant, told him that he had left a ten guinea bank note in his waistcoat pocket the night that he went to the play, and that as the waistcoat was given into his charge, he must be answerable for the note.—The servant boldly protested that he neither could nor would be at the loss of a note which had never seen.

Archibald now softened his tone; for he say that he had no chance of bullying the servant.— "I desired you to send it to the washer woman's said he.

"And so Idid, Sir," said the man.

This was true, but not the whole truth. He had previously sent the waistcoat to the tailor's to have the rent repaired, which it received the night he wore it at the ball. These circumstances the servant thought proper to suppress; and he was very ready, to agree with his master is accusing the poor washer-woman of having stellen the note. The washer-woman was extremely industrious and perfectly honest; she had large family that depended upon her labour, an upon her character, for support. She was aston ished and shocked at the charge that was brough against her, and declared that if she were able she would rather pay the whole money at once

than suffer any suspicion to go abroad against her. Archibald rejoiced to find her in this disposition; and he assured her, that the only method to avoid disgrace, a law-suit, and ruin, was instantly to pay, or to promise to pay, the money. It was out of her power to pay it; and she would not promise what she knew she could not perform.

Archibald redoubled his threats: the servant stood by his master. The poor woman burst into tears; but she steadily declared that she was innocent, and no promise could be extorted from her, even in the midst of her terror. Though she had horrible, perhaps not absolutely visionary ideas of the dangers of a law suit, yet she had some confidence in the certainty that justice was on her side. Archibald said, that she might talk about justice as much as she pleased, but that she must prepare to submit to the law. The woman trembled at the sound of these words: but though ignorant she was no fool, and she had a friend in Dr. Campbell's family, to whom she resolved to apply in her distress. Henry Campbell had visited her little boy when he was ill, and had made him some small present; and though she did not mean to encroach upon Henry's good nature, she thought, that he had so much learning that he certainly could, without its costing her any thing, put her in the right way to avoid the law, with which she had been threatened by Archibald Mackenzie and his servant.

Henry heard the story with indignation, such as Forester would have felt in similar circumstances; but prudence tempered his enthusiastic

feelings; and prudence renders us able to assist others, whilst enthusiasm frequently defeats its own purposes, and injures those whom it wildly attempts to serve. Henry knowing the character of Archibald, governed himself accordingly; he made no appeal to his feelings; for he saw that the person must be deficient in humanity, who could have threatened a defenceless woman with such severity; he did not speak of justice to the tyrannical laird, but he spoke of law. He told Archibald, that being thoroughly convinced of the woman's innocence, he had drawn up a state of her case, which she, in compliance with his advice, was ready to lay before counsellor——, naming the first counsel in Edinburgh.

The young laird repeated, with a mixture of apprehension and suspicion, Drawn up a case!

No! you can't know how to draw up cases; you are not a lawyer—you only say this to bully

me."

Henry replied, that he was no lawyer—that he could, notwithstanding, state plain facts in such a manner, he hoped, as to make a case intelligible to any sensible lawyer—that he meant to show what he had written to his father.

"You'll shew it to me, first won't you ?" said Archibald, who wished to gain time for consider-

ation.

Henry put the paper, which he had drawn up, into his hands, and waited with a determined countenance beside him, whilst he perused the case. Archibald saw, that Henry had abilities and steadiness to go through with the business; the facts were so plainly and forcibly stated, that his hopes

THE SADDLE AND BRIDLE.

n from law began to faulter. He therefore ed about humanity—said, he pitied the poor nan; could not bear to think of distressing; but that, at the same time, he had urgent asion for money; that, if he could even recovive guineas of it, it would be something. He ed that he had debts, which he could not, in our, delay to discharge,

www.Henry had five guineas, which he had reved for the purchase of some additions to his inent of mineralogy, and he offered to lend this ney to Archibald, to pay the debts, that he could

in honour delay to discharge, upon express dition, that he should say nothing more to the

ir woman concerning the bank-note.

To this condition Archibald most willingly ackled; and as Henry, with generous alacrity, inted the five guineas into his hand, this mean, orrigible being said to himself, "What fools se bookish young men are, after all! Though can draw up cases so finely, I've taken him in last; and I wish it was ten guineas instead of !!"

Fatigued with the recital of the various petty ifices of this avaricious and dissipated young d, we shall now relieve ourselves, by turning m the history of meanness to that of enthusian. The faults of Forester we hope and wish see corrected; but who can be interested for selfish Archibald Mackenzie!

A CLERK.

WE left Forester, when he was just go offer himself as clerk to a brewer. The er was a prudent man; and he sent one men with a letter to Dr. Campbell, to info that a young lad, whom he had formerly company with Mr. Henry Campbell, and w understood, was the Doctor's ward, had to him, and that he should be very happy him into his service, if his friends approve and could properly recommend him. In quence of Dr. Campbell's answer to the bi letter, Forester, who knew nothing of the cation to his friends, obtained the vacan ship. He did not, however, long continu new situation. At first, he felt happy, w found himself relieved from the vulgar pe of Miss Mac Evoy and her brother Colin: parison with their rude ill humours, the who were his present companions, appear terns of civility. By hard experience, F was taught to know, that obliging manners companions add something to the happiness lives. "My mind to me a kingdom is," w his constant answer to all, that his friend could urge in favour of the pleasure of s but he now began to suspect, that se from social intercourse, his mind, howe larged, would afford him but a dreary king He flattered himself, that he could make a end of the clerk, who had found his key: this ing man's name was Richardson; he was good ured, but ignorant; and neither his education · his abilities distinguished him from any other rk in similar circumstances. Forester invited a to walk to Arthur's seat, after the monotonous siness of the day was over; but the clerk prered walking on holidays in Prince's street: l after several ineffectual attempts to engage a in moral and metaphysical arguments, our ro discovered the depth of his companion's igrance with astonishment. Once, when he nd that two of the clerks, to whom he had an talking of Cicero and Pliny, did not know thing of these celebrated personages, he said h a sigh.

The word penury, in this stanza, the clerks least understood, and it excited their noble; e; they hinted, that it ill became a person, o did not dress nearly as well as themselves, to e himself such airs, and to taunt his betters th poverty; they said, that they supposed, bese he was an Englishman, as they perceived his accent, he thought he might insult Scotchen as he pleased. It was vain for him to attempt y explanation; their pride and their prejudices mbined against him; and though their dislike

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page, Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;

Chill Penury suppress'd their noble rage, And froze the genial current of their soul.

to him was not so outrageous as that 💿 dener, gentle Colin, yet it was qui te. to make him uneasy in his situation. was as steady to him as could reasonably pected; but he showed so little desire "the ample page, rich with the spoils 🗪 unrolled to him, that he excited our your gs ar's contempt. No friendships can be more qual than those between ignorance and knowl We pass over the journal of our hero's hour which were spent in casting up and verifying ac counts; this occupation, at length, he decided must be extremely injurious to the human under-" All the higher faculties of my soul," said he to himself. " are absolutely useless at this work, and I am reduced to a mere machine." But there were many other circumstances, in the mercantile system, which Forester had not foreseen, and which shocked him extremely. The continual attention to petty gain, the little artifices which a tradesman thinks himself justifiable in practising upon his customers, could not be endured by his ingenuous mind. One morning, the brewery was in an uncommon bustle; the clerks were all in motion. Richardson told Forester, that they expected a visit in a few hours from the supervisor, and that they were preparing for his reception. When the nature of these preparations was explained to Forester; when he was made to understand, that the business and duty of a brewer's clerk was to assist his master in evading certain clauses in certain acts of parliament; when he found, that to trick a gauger was thought an excellent joke, he stood in silent moral

astonishment. He knew about as much of the revenue laws, as the clerks did of Cicero and Brutus; but his sturdy principles of integrity could not bend to any of the arguments, founded on expediency, which were brought by his companions in their own and their master's justifica-He declared, that he must speak to his master upon the subject immediately. His master was as busy as he could possibly be; and when Forester insisted upon seeing him, he desired that he would speak as quickly as he could, for that he expected the supervisor every instant. Our hero declared, that he could not consistently with his principles, assist in evading the laws of his country. The brewer stared, and then laughed; assured him, that he had as great a respect for the laws as other people; that he did nothing but what every person in his situation was obliged to do in their own defence. Forester resolutely persisted in his determination against all clandestine practices. The brewer cut the matter short, by saying, that he had not time to argue: but that he did not choose to keep a clerk who was not in his interests; that he supposed the next thing would be, to betray him to his supervisor.

"I am no traitor," exclaimed Forester; "I will not stay another instant with a master who suspects me."

The brewer suffered him to depart without reluctance; but what exasperated Forester the most, was the composure of his friend Richardson during this scene. Richardson did not offer to shake hands with him, when he saw him going

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of the house; for Richardson had ago, a did not choose to quarrel with his a person whom he now verily believe he had originally suspected, insane.

"This is the world!—this is friendship!

Porester to himself.

His generous and enthusiastic imagination plied him with eloquent invectives against he mature even whilst he ardently desired to this fellow-creatures. He wandered through streets of Edinburgh, indulging himself in nately in misanthropic reflections and beneve projects. One instant, he resolved to studlaw, that he might reform the revenue laws next moment, he recollected his old passion desert island; and he regretted, that he not be shipwrecked in Edinburgh.

The sound of a squeaking fiddle roused For from his reverie; he looked up, and saw a pale man, fiddling to a set of dancing dogs he was exhibiting upon the flags for the ment of a crowd of men, women, and child It was a deplorable spectacle; the dogs are so wretched, in the midst of the merrithe spectators, that Forester's compassion

moved, and he exclaimed—

"Enough, Enough!-They are quit

here are some halfpence!"

The showman took the halfpence; be fresh spectators were yet to see the a though the exhausted animals were by clined to perform their antic feats, the twitched the rope, that was fastened a necks, so violently, that they were concern their melancholy dance.

orester darted forward, stopped the fiddler's 1, and began an expostulation; not one word hich was understood by the person to whom as addressed. A stout lad, who was very iment at this interruption of his diversion, beto abuse Forester, and presently from words proceeded to blows.

orester, though a better orator, was by nons so able a boxer as his opponent. The le was obstinately fought on both sides: but, ength, our young Quixote received what has same in heroic language, but in the vulgar ue is called a black eye; and, covered with it and bruises, he was carried by some humane enger into a neighbouring house. It was inter and bookseller's shop. The bookseller ted him with humanity; and after advising not to be so hastily engaged to be the chamnof dancing dogs, inquired who he was and ther he had any friends in Edinburgh, to me he could send.

'his printer, from having been accustomed to rerse with variety of people, was a good judge te language of gentlemen; and though there nothing else in Forester's manners, which id have betrayed him, he spoke in such good uage, that the bookseller was certain, that he received a liberal education.

ur hero declined telling his history: but the ter was so well pleased with his conversation, he readily agreed to give him employment; as soon as he recovered from his bruises, ester was eager to learn the art of printing. f printing," said he, " has emanl, and printers ought to be const respectable benefactors of the

in his admiration of every new ruck his imagination, he was now printer's devils were angels, and be supremely blessed in a prin-

loyment so noble!" said he, as he imposing-stick in his hand; "what noble, as that of disseminating the universe!"

TER, A PRINTER.

time before our hero acquired new trade: his companions formzing celerity, whole sentences, earching for letters, which pered from his awkward hands : but of his former versatility, and he teady to his present way of life. , at this printer's, was far better nan that which he had quitted with at the brewer's. He rose early; dustry, overcame all the difficulfirst so much alarmed him. He he most useful apprentice in the igence and good behaviour recomhis master's employers. When-



ever any work was brought, Forester was sent for. This occasioned him to be much in the shop, where he heard the conversation of many ingenious men, who frequented it; and he spent his evenings in reading. His understanding had been of late uncultivated; but the fresh seeds, that were now profusely scattered upon the vigorous soil, took root, and flourished.

Forester was just at that time of life, when opinions are valued for being new; he heard varieties of the most contradictory assertions, in morals, in medicine, in politics. It is a great advantage to a young man, to hear opposite arguments; to hear all that can be said upon every

subject.

Forester no longer obstinately adhered to the set of notions, which he had acquired from his education; he heard many whom he could not think his inferiors in abilities, debating questions, which he formerly imagined scarcely admitted of philosophic doubt. His mind became more humble; but his confidence in his own powers, after having compared himself with numbers, if less arrogant, was more secure and rational: he no longer considered a man as a fool, the moment he differed with him in opinion; but he was still a little inclined to estimate the abilities of authors, by the party to which they belonged. This failing was increased, rather than diminished, by the company which he now kept.

Among the young students, who frequented Mr,
—'s, the bookseller, was Mr. Thomas——,
who, from his habit of blurting out strange opinlogs in conversation, acquired the name of Tom

His head was confused, between and poetry; his arguments were parade ics and poetry in a symmetric his gesture sor an, and me declare the spouring action of a plant and the threatening action of a pugilist.

Forester was immediately caught by the tory of this genius, from the first day he knew

Tom Random asserted, that "this great globe and all that it inhabits," must inevitably be doon ed to destruction, unless certain ideas of his own him speak. in the government of the world, were immer ately adopted by universal acclamation.

It was not approbation, it was not esteem, wh Forester felt for his new friend; it was for first week blind, enthusiastic admiration ev thing that he had seen or heard before appear to him trite and obsolete; every person, spoke temperate common sense, he heard indifference or contempt; and all who were zealots, in literature, or in politics, he con ed as persons, whose understandings were s row, or whose hearts were so deprayed, render them "unfit to hear themselves (Those who read, and converse, have a ced."

chance of correcting their errors. Forester, most fortunately about thi happened to meet with a book, which degree counteracted the inflammatory Random's conversation, and which had tendency to sober his enthusiasm, wi sening his propensity to useful exerting book was the life of Dr. Franklin.

The idea, that this great man began by being a printer, interested our hero in his history; and whilst he followed him step by step, through his instructive narrative, Forester sympathized in his feelings, and observed how necessary the smaller virtues of order, economy, industry, and patience, were to Franklin's great character and splendid success. He began to hope, that it would be possible to do good to his fellow-creatures, without overturning all existing institutions.

About this time, another fortunate coincidence happened in Forester's education.—One evening, his friend, Tom Random, who was printing a pamphlet, came with a party of his companions, into Mr.—, the bookseller's shop, enraged at the decision of a prize in a literary society, to

which they belonged.

All the young partizans who surrounded Mr. Random, loudly declared, that he had been treated with the most flagrant injustice, and the author kimself was too angry, to affect any modesty

upon the occasion.

"Would you believe it," said he to Forester, "my essay has not been thought worthy of the prize!—The medal has been given to the most wretched, tame, common-place performance, you ever saw. Every thing in this world is done by corruption, by party, by secret influence!"

At every pause, the irritated author wiped his forehead, and, Forester sympathized in his feel-

ings.

In the midst of the author's exclamations, a messenger came with the manuscript of the prize essay, and with the orders of the society to bare

FORESTER.

mber of copies printed of dition. atched up the manuscript; and; wi of criticism, began to read which he disliked, aloud. was marred in the reading, For agree with his angry friend, in con performance.—It appeared to his ting, and excellent sense. print it, then, as fast as you can-the ess; that is what you are paid for. r himself." cried Random, insolently manuscript to Forester; and as hehe shop, with his companions, he adintemptuous laugh, "A printer's defor a critic! He may be a capital and roman, perhaps, but let not the beyond his stick." the man," said Forester, " whom I o eloquent in the praise of candour ? Is this the man who talks of uniion, and freedom of opinion, and not bear, that any one should differ criticising a sentence? Is this the for his fa ıld have equality amongst all his felap apose y s, and who calls a compositor a prinwas indef Is this the man, who cants about and as all nce of mind, and the perfections of invas finishe takes advantage of his rank, of his Forester f the cry of his partizans, to bear me had set ice of reason?—'Let not the comzile-pageond his composing stick.'-And why bitterly. ould not he be a judge of writing?" ·· 1 am tion, Forester eagerly took up the

cript, which had been flung at his feet,indignant feelings instantly changed into ful exultation—he saw the hand—he read me of Henry Campbell. The title of the cript was, "An Essay on the best Method * rming abuses." This was the subject proby the question with so much moderation, t with such unequivocal decision had shown f the friend of rational liberty, that all the ers of the society, who were not borne by their prejudices, were unanimous in reference of this performance.

dom's declamation only inflamed the minds own partizans. Good judges of writing med, as they read it-"This is all very fine, hat would this man be at? His violence

the cause he wishes to support."

ester read Henry Campbell's essay with all idity of friendship; he read it again and -his generous soul was incapable of envy; he admired, he was convinced by the force son.

master desired that he would set about the early in the morning; but his eagerness s friend Henry's fame was such that he sat we half the night, hard at work at it. He ndefatigable the next day at the business, s all hands were employed on the essay, it nished that evening.

ester rubbed his hands with delight, when d set the name of Henry Campbell in the age-But an instant afterward he sighed

am only a printer," said he to himself-

"These just arguments, these noble ideal instruct and charm hundreds of my fellow tures; no one will ever ask 'Who set the tr

His reflections were interrupted by the trance of Tom Random and two of his partize he was extremely displeased to find, that printers had not been going on with his phlet; his personal disappointments seemed to in. crease the acrimony of his zeal for the public good—he declaimed upon politics—upon the ne cessity for the immediate publication of his sentiments, for the salvation of the state. His action was suited to his words: violent and blind to consequences, with one sudden kick, designed to express his contempt for the opposite party, this political Alnaschar unfortunately overturned the form, which contained the types for the newspaper of the next day, which was just going to the press, a newspaper in which he had written splendid paragraphs.

Forester, happily for his philosophy, recollected the account, which Franklin, in his history of his own life, gives of the patience, with which he once bore a similar accident. The printers, with secret imprecations against oratory, or at least against those orators, who think that action is every thing, set to work again, to repair the 1

mischief.

Forester, much fatigued, at length congratulated himself upon having finished his hard day's work; when a man from the shop came to inquire, whether three hundred cards, which had been ordered the week before to be printed off were finished. The man, to whom the order

was given, had forgotten it; and he was going home; he decidedly answered. "No; the cards can't be done till to-morrow we have left work for this night, thank God."

"The gentleman says he must have them,"

expostulated the messenger.

"He must not, he cannot, have them. I would not print a card for his majesty at this time of night," replied the sullen workman, throwing his hat upon his head, in token of departure.

"What are these cards?" said Forester.

"Only a dancing-master's cards for his ball," said the printer's journeyman. "I'll not work beyond my time, for any dancing-master that wears a head."

The messenger then said, that he was desired

to ask for the manuscript card.

This card was hunted for all over the room; and, at last, Forester found it under a heap of refuse papers: his eye was caught with the name of his old friend, monsieur Pasgrave, the dancing-master, whom he had formerly frighted by the

skeleton with the fiery eyes.

"I will print the cards for him myself; I am not at all tired," cried Forester, who was determined to make some little amends for the injury which he had formerly done to the poor dancingmaster. He fetolved to print the cards for nothing, and he staid up very late to finish them.— His companions all left him, for they were in a great hurry to see, what in Edinburgh is a rare sight, the town illuminated.

These illuminations were upon account of some

great naval victory.

Forester, steady to monsieur Pasgradid what no other workman would he finished for him on this night of puthree hundred cards. Every now as he was quietly at work, he heard the zas in the street: his waning candle s socket as he had just packed up his wo

By the direction at the bottom of th learned where M. Pasgrave lodged, was going out to look at the illuminate solved to leave them himself at the di

ter's house.

THE ILLUMINATION

THE illuminations were really bea went up to the Castle, whence he sa part of the old town, and all Princes st ed up in the most splendid manner. ed the Earthmound into Princes stree down Princes street, he saw a crowd gathered before the large -illuminated a confectioner's shop. As he approac he distinctly heard the voice of Tor who was haranguing the mob. motto, which the confectioner displa window, displeased this gentleman; 1 his public-spirited abhorrence of all m ty opposite to his own, had likewise pr of dislike to this confectioner, who I him his daughter in marriage.

readily joined in rom wandom's cry of "down with the motto!"

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Forester, who by his lesson from the dancing dogs had learned a little prudence, and who had just printed H. Campbell's Essay on the best means of Reforming Abuses, did not mix with the rabble, but joined in the entreaties of some peaceable passengers, who prayed that the poor man's windows might be spared. The windows were, notwithstanding, demolished with a terrible crash, and the crowd, then alarmed at the mischief they had done, began to disperse. The constables, who had been sent for, appeared. Tom Random was taken into custody. Fores-

constables, who had been sent for, appeared. Tom Random was taken into custody. Forester was pursuing his way to the dancing-master's, when one of the officers of justice exclaimed, "Stop!—stop him!—he's one of'em—he's a great friend of Mr. Random's—I've seen him often parading arm in arm in High-street with

This, alas! was too true; the constables seiz-

again in High-street arm in arm with s man as Tom Random.

The constables were rather hasty in the clusions they drew from this presumptive dence.

Our hero, who felt the disgrace of his tion, was not a little astonished at Tom Ran consoling himself with drinking instead o losophy. The sight of this enthusiast, who had completely intoxicated himself, was gusting but useful spectacle to our ind hero. Forester was shocked at the uni gross vice and rigid pretensions to virtu could scarcely believe, that the reeling, mering idiot whom he now beheld, was same being, from whose lips he had hear clamations upon the omnipotence of intellect—whose pen he had seen projects for the gement of empires.

The dancing-master, who, in the midst illuminations had regretted that his cards not be printed, went early in the morning

quire about them at the printer's.

The printer had learnt that one of hi was taken up amongst the rioters; he was to find, that Forester had gotten himsel such a scrape; but he was a very cautiou man, and he did not choose to interfere; I him quietly to be dealt with according to la

The dancing-master, however, was inte in finding him out, because he was info that Forester had sat up almost all night to his cards, and that he had them now i

packet.

M. Pasgrave at length gained admittance to him in his confinement; the officers of justice were taking him and Random before Mr. W—, a magistrate, with whom examinations had been lodged by the confectioner, who had suffered in his windows.

Pasgrave, when he beheld Forester, was surprised to such a degree that he could scarcely finish his bow, or express his astonishment, either in French or English. "Eh, monsieur!—mon Dieu!—bon Dieu! I beg ten million pardons—I am come to search for a printer who has my cards in his pocket."

"Here are your cards," said Forester, "let me speak a few words to you." He took M. Pasgrave aside—"I perceive," said he, "that you have discovered who I am. Though in the service of a printer, I have still as much the feelings and principles of a gentleman, as I had when you saw me in Dr. Campbell's house—I have particular reasons for being anxious to remain undiscovered by Dr. Campbell, or any of his family—you may depend upon it that my reasons are not dishonourable. I request that you will not, upon any account, betray me to that family. I am going before a magistrate, and am accused of being concerned in a riot, which I did every thing in my power to prevent."

"Ah! monsieur," interrupted the dancing-master, "but you see de grand inconvenience of concealing your rank and name. You, who are comme il faut, are confounded with the mob; permit me at least to follow you to Mr. W——, the magistrate: I have de honour to teach least

demoiselles his daughters to dance—dey are tobe at my ball; dey take one half dozen tickets; I must call dere wid my cards, and I shall, if you will give me leave, accompany you now, and mention dat I know you to be un homme comme il faut, above being guilty of an unbecoming action. I flatter myself I have some interest wid de ladies of de family, and dat dey will do me de favour, to speak to Monsieur leur cher pere sur votre compte."

Forester thanked the good-natured dancingmaster, but he proudly said, that he should trust

to his own innocence for his defence.

M. Pasgrave, who had seen something more of the world than our hero, and who was interested for him, because he had once made him a present of an excellent violin, and because he had sat up half the night to print the ball cards, resolved not to leave him entirely to his innocence for a defence; he followed Forester to The magistrate was a slow, pom-Mr. W----'s. pous man, by no means a good physiognomist, much less a good judge of character. proud of his authority, and glad to display the small portion of legal knowledge which he possessed. As soon as he was informed, that some young men were brought before him, who had been engaged the preceding night in a riot, he put on all his magisterial terrors, and assured the confectioner, who had a private audience of him, that he should have justice; and that the person or persons, concerned in breaking his window, or windows, should be punished with the utmost severity that the law would allow. Contrary to

the humane spirit of the British law, which supposes every man to be innocent, till he is proved to be guilty, this harsh magistrate presumed, that every man, who was brought before him, was guilty, till he was proved to be innocent.-Forester's appearance was not in his favour; he had been up all night, his hair was dishevelled, his linen was neither fine nor white, his shoes were thick-soled and dirty, his coat was that in which he had been at work at the printer's the preceding day; it was in several places daubed with printer's ink, and his unwashed hands bespoke his trade. Of all these circumstances, the slow circumspect eye of the magistrate took cognizance, one by one. Forester observed the effect, which this survey produced upon his judge; and he felt, that appearances were against him. and that appearances are sometimes of consequence. After having estimated his poverty by these external symptoms, the magistrate looked for the first time in his face, and pronounced that he had one of the worst countenances he ever beheld. This judgment once pronounced, he proceeded to justify, by wresting to the prisoner's disadvantage every circumstance that appeared. Forester's having been frequently seen in Tom Random's company was certainly against him; the confectioner perpetually repeated, that they were constant companions, that they were intimate friends, that they were continually walking together every Sunday, and that they often had come arm and arm into his shop, talking politics: that he believed Forester to be of the same way of thinking with Mr. Random; and that he saw к 2

him close behind him, at the moment the stones were thrown, that broke the windows. peared that Mr. Random was at that time active in encouraging the mob. To oppose the angry confectioner's conjectural evidence, the lad who threw the stone, and who was now produced, declared, that Forester held back his arm, and said, "My good lad, don't break this man's windows; go home quietly, here's a shilling for vou." The person who gave this honest testimony, in whom there was a strange mixture of the love of mischief and the spirit of generosity, was the very lad who fought with Forester, and beat him, about the dancing dogs. He whispered to Forester, "Do you remember me? I hove you don't bear malice." The magistrate, who heard this whisper, immediately construed it to the prisoner's disadvantage. "Then, sir," said he, addressing himself to our hero, "this gentleman, I understand, claims acquaintance with you; his acquaintance really does you honour, and speaks strongly in favour of your character. If I mistake not, this is the lad whom I sent to the Tolbooth some little time ago for a misdemeanor; and he is not, I apprehend, a stranger to the stocks."

Forester commanded his temper as well as he was able, and observed, that whatever might be the character of the young man who had spoken in his favour, his evidence would perhaps be thought to deserve some credit, when the circumstances of his acquaintance with the witness were known. He then related the adventure of the dancing dogs, and remarked, that the tes-

timeny of an enemy came with double force in his favour. The language and manner, in which Forester spoke, surprised all who were present; but the history of the battle of the dancing dogs, appeared so ludicrous and so improbable, that the magistrate decidedly pronounced it to be a "fabrication, a story invented to conceal the palpable collusion of the witnesses." Yet though he one moment declared, that he did not believe the story, he the next inferred from it, that Forester was disposed to riot and sedition, since he was ready to fight with a vagabond in the streets

for the sake of a parcel of dancing dogs.

. M. Pasgrave, in the mean time, had with great good nature been representing Forester in the best light he possibly could to the young ladies, the magistrate's daughters. One of them sent to beg to speak to their father. M. Pasgrave judiciously dwelt upon his assurances of Forester's being a gentleman; he told Mr. W-, that he had met him in one of the best families in Edinburgh; that he knew he had some private reasons for concealing that he was a gentleman: "perhaps the young gentleman was reduced to temporary distress," he said; " but whatever, might be these reasons, M. Pasgrave vouched for his having very respectable friends and con-The magistrate wished to know the family, in which M. Pasgrave had met Forester; but he was, according to his promise, impenetrable on this subject. His representations had, however, the desired effect upon Mr. W...., when he returned to the examination of our hero: his opinion of his countenance somewhat

varied; he dispatched his other business; bailed Tom Random on high sureties; and when Forester was the only one that remained, he turned to him with great solemnity, bade him sit down, informed him that he knew him to be a gentleman; that he was greatly concerned, that a person like him, who had respectable friends and connexions should involve himself in such a disagreeable affair; that it was matter of grief and surprise to him, to see a young gentleman in such apparel; that he earnestly recommended it to him, to accompdate matters with his friends, and, above all things to avoid the company of seditious persons. Much good advice, but in a dictatorial tone, and in cold, pompous language, he bestowed upon the prisoner; and at length dismissed him. "How different," said Forester to himself, " is this man's method of giving advice from Dr. Campbell's!"

This lesson strongly impressed, however, upon our hero's mind the belief, that external appearance, dress manners, and the company we keep, are the usual circumstances, by which the world judge of character and conduct. When he was dismissed from Mr. W——'s august presence, the first thing he did was to enquire for Pasgrave: he was giving the magistrate's daughters a lesson, and could not be interrupted; but Forester left a note for him, requesting to see him at ten o'clock the next day, at Mr.——the book-seller's. New mortifications awaited our hero; on his return to his master, the book-seller, he was very coldly received; Mr.——tet him know, in unqualified terms, that he did

not like to employ any one in his work, who got into quarrels at night, in the public streets. Forester's former favour with his master, his industry and talents, were not considered without envy by the rest of the journeyman printers, and they took advantage of his absence, to misrepresent him to the book-seller: however, when Forester came to relate his own story, his masfer was convinced that he was not to blame, that he had worked extremely hard the preceding day, and that, far from having been concerned in a riot, he had done every thing in his power to prevent mischief. He desired to see the Essay, which was printed with so much expedition; it was in the hands of the corrector of the press; the sheets were sent for, and the book-seller was in admiration at the extraordinary correctness, with which it was printed; the corrector of the press scarcely had occasion to alter a word, a letter, or a stop. There was a quotation in the manuscript from Juvenal. Henry Campbell had, by mistake, omitted to name the satire and line, and the author from which it was taken, though he had left a blank, in which they were to be inserted. The corrector of the press, though a literary gentleman, was at a stand. Forester immediately knew where to look for the passage in the original author; he found it, and inserted the book and line in their proper place. His master did not suffer this to pass unobserved; he hinted to him, that it was a pity a young man of his abilities and knowledge should waste his time in the mere technical drudgery of printing. " I should be glad now," continued

the book-seller, "to employ you as a cor of the press, and to advance you accord your merits in the world; but," glancing hi at Forester's dress, "you must give me to say, that some attention to outward a ance is necessary in our business. Gent call here, as you well know, continually, like to have the people about me make a table appearance. You have earned a since you have been with me; surely yo afford yourself a decent suit of clothes cleaner shirt. I beg your pardon for speso freely; but I really have a regard for and wish to see you get forward in life."

FORESTER, A CORRECTOR THE PRESS.

Forester had not, since he left Dr. (bell's, been often spoken to in a tone of f ship. The book-seller's well-meant fram monstrance made its just impression; and I solved to make the necessary additions wardrobe; nay, he even went to a hair-dr to have his hair cut and brought into dece, der. His companions, the printers, has been sparing in their remarks upon the ness of his former apparel, and Forester ed himself with anticipating the respect

would feel for him, when he should appear in better clothes. "Can such trifles," said he to himself, "make such a change in the opinion of my fellow-creatures? And why should I fight with the world for trifles? My real merit is neither increased nor diminished by the dress I may happen to wear; but I see, that unless I waste all my life in combating the prejudices of superficial observers, I should avoid all those peculiarities in my external appearance, which prevent whatever good qualities I have from obtaining their just respect." He was surprised at the blindness of his companions, who could not discover his merit through the roughness of his manners, and the disadvantages of his dress; but he determined to shine out upon them in the superior dress and character of a corrector of the He went to a tailor's, and bespoke a new suit of clothes. He bought new linen, and our readers will perhaps hear, with surprise, that he actually began to consider, very seriously, whether he should not take a few lessons in dancing.-He had learned to dance formerly, and was not naturally either inactive or awkward: but his contempt for the art prevented him, for some years, from practising it; and he had nearly forgotten his wonted agility. Henry Campbell once, when Forester was declaiming against dancing, told him, that if he had learned to dance, and excelled in the art, his contempt for the trifling accomplishment would have more effect upon the minds of others, because it could not be mistaken for envy. This remark made a deep impression upon our hero, especially as he observed that

his friend Henry was not in the least vain of his personal graces, and had cultivated his understanding, though he could dance a Scotch reel. Scotch reels were associated in Forester's imagination with Flora Campbell; and, in balancing the arguments for and against learning to dance, the recollection of Archibald Mackenzie's triumphant look, when he led her away as his partner at the famous ball, had more influence perhaps upon Forester's mind, than his pride and philosophy apprehended. He began to have some confused design of returning, at some distant period, to his friends; and he had hopes that he should appear in a more amiable light to Flora, after he had perfected himself in an accomplishment, which he fancied she admired prodigiously.— His esteem for the lady was rather diminished by this belief; but still a sufficient quantity remained to excite in him a strong ambition to The agony he felt the night he left the ball-room was such, that he could not even now recollect the circumstances without confusion and anguish of mind. His hands were now such as could appear without gloves; and he resolved to commence the education of his feet.

M. Pasgrave called upon him in consequence of the message which he left at the magistrate's: his original design in sending for the dancing-master was, to offer him some acknowledgement for his obliging conduct. "M. Pasgrave," said he, "you have behaved towards me like a man of honour; you have kept my secret; I am convinced that you will continue to keep it invio-

A CORRECTOR OF THE PRESS. 121

late." As he spoke, he produced a ten guinea bank-note, for at length he had prevailed upon himself to have recourse to his pocket-book. which till this day had remained unopened, M. Pasgrave stared at the sight of the note, and withdrew his hand at first, when it was offered; but he yielded at length, when Forester assured him, that he was not in any distress, and that he could perfectly well afford to indulge his feelings of gratitude. "Nay," continued Forester, who, if he had not always practised the maxims of politeness, notwithstanding possessed that generosity of mind, and good sense, on which real politeness must depend, "you shall not be under any obligation to me, M. Pasgrave; I am just going to ask a favour from you. You must teach me to dance." "Wid de utmost pleasure," exclaimed the delighted dancing-master; and the hours for his attendance were soon set-Whatever Forester attempted, he pursued with energy. M. Pasgrave, after giving him a few lessons, prophesied, that he would do him infinite credit; and Forester felt a secret pride in the idea, that he should surprise his friends, some time or other, with his new accomplishment.

He continued in the book-seller's service, correcting the press for him, much to his satisfaction; and the change in his personal appearance pleased his master, as it showed attention to his advice. Our hero from time to time exercised his talents in writing; and as he inserted his compositions, under a fictitious signature, in his master's newspaper, he had an opportunity of

hearing the most unprejudiced opinions of a way riety of critics, who often came to read the papers at Mr. —, the bookseller's. in short essays, some of those arguments conserning the advantages and disadvantages of politeness, luxury, the love of society, misanthropy, &c. which had formerly passed between him and Henry Campbell; and he listened to the remarks, that were made upon each side of the questions. How it happened, we know not; but after he had taken lessons for about six weeks from M. Pasgrave, he became extremely solicitous to have a solution of all his stoical doubts. and to furnish himself with the best possible arguments in favour of civilized society. not bear the idea, that he yielded his opinions to any thing less than strict demonstration; he drew up a list of queries, which concluded with the following question:-" What should be the distinguishing characteristics of the higher class-* es of people in Society?"—This query was answered in one of the public papers, a few days after it appeared in Mr. --- 's paper, and the answer was signed H. C. a Friend to Society. Even without these initials. Forester would easily have discovered it to be Henry Campbell's writing; and several strokes seemed to be so particularly addressed to him, that he could not avoid thinking that Henry had discovered the The impression which arguments make upon the mind, varies with time and change of situation. Those arguments in favour of subordination in society, in favour of agreeable manners, and attention to the feelings of others in

he small as well as in the great concerns of life, which our hero had heard with indifference from r. Campbell and Henry in conversation, struck im when he saw them in a printed essay, with Il the force of conviction; and he wondered ow it had happened, that he never before pergived them to be conclusive.

He put the newspaper, which contained this say, into his pocket; and after he had finished is day's work, and had taken his evening lesson om M. Pasgrave, he went out with an intenon of going to a favourite spot upon Arthur's eat, to read the essay again at his leisure. But e was stopped at the turn from the North ridge into High-street by a scavenger's cart.-'he scavenger, with his broom, which had just vept the High-street, was clearing away a heap f mud. Two gentlemen on horseback, who ere riding like postillions, came up during this peration—sir Philip Gosling and Archibald Macenzic. Forester had his back towards them. rd he never looked round because he was too tent upon his own melancholy thoughts. Arhibald was mounted upon Sawney, the horse hich he had so fairly won from his friend Sir hilip. The half-guinea, which had been promed to the hostler, had not yet been paid; and ie hostler, determined to revenge himself upon rchibald, invented an ingenious method of gratying his resentment. He taught Sawney to ear and plunge, whenever his legs were touchd by the broom, with which the stables were wept. When Sawney was perfectly well traind to this trick, the cunning hostler communicat-

ed his design, and related his cause of con against Archibald, to a scavenger, who wa known at the livery stables. The scavens tered into his friend the hostler's feeling promised to use his broom in his cause, wh a convenient and public opportunity should The hour of retribution was now arrived scavenger saw his young gentleman in full mounted upon Sawney; he kept his eye him, whilst, in company with the baronet, h over the North Bridge: there was a sto the meeting of carts and carriages. Archibald came within reach of the broo scavenger 'slightly touched Sawnév's legs: ney plunged and reared-and reared and The scavenger stood grinning at the Forester attempted to seize the horse's l but Sawney, who seemed determined up When Forester snatc point, succeeded. his bridle, he reared, then plunged; and ibald Mackenzie was fairly lodged in the enger's cart. Whilst the well dressed floundered in the mud, Forester gave the h the servant, who had now ridden up; and fied that Mackenzie had received no mate jury, inquired no farther. He turned to poor washerwoman, who was lifting a large of clean linen into her house, to get it out way of the cart. As soon as he had helped lift the basket into her passage, he was re when he heard a voice at the back door whi at the other end of the passage. It was the of a child; and he listened, for he thought

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heard it before .- "The door is locked," said the washerwoman, "I know who it is that is knocking; it is only a little girl who is coming for a cap. which I have there in the basket." The door unlocked, and Forester saw the little girl, to whom the fine geranium belonged. What a number of ideas she recalled to his mind! She looked at him, and hesitated—curtisied—then turned away, as if she was afraid she was mistaken, and asked the washerwoman if she had plaited her grandmother's cap. The woman searched in her basket, and produced the cap nicely plaited. The little girl, in the meantime, considered Forester with anxious attention. "I believe," said she, timidly, "you are, or you are very like, the gentleman, who was so good as to——" "Yes," interrupted Forester, "I know what you mean. I am the man, who went with you, to try to obtain justice from your tyrannical school-mistress: I did not do you any good-Have you seen-have you heard any thing of-?" Such a variety of recollections pressed upon Forester's heart, that he could not pronounce the name of Henry Campbell; and he changed his question. "Is your old grandmother recovered?" "She is quite well, thank you, sir; and she is grown young again, since you saw her; perhaps you don't know how good Mr. Henry and the young lady have been to us. We don't live now in that little, close, dark room at the watch-maker's. We are as happy, sir, as the day is long." "But what of Henry ?---what of---?" "" O sir,-but if you were not very busy, or in a great hurry—it is

but a little way off—if you could come and footat our new house—I don't mean our house, for it is not ours; but we take care of it, and we have two little rooms to ourselves; and Mr. Henry and Miss Flora very often come to see us. I wish you could come to see how nice our rooms are! The house is not far off, only at the back of the meadows." "Go, show me the way—I'll follow you," said Forester; after he had satisfied himself, that there was no danger of his meeting any of Dr. Campbell's family.

THE MEADOWS.

Our hero accompanied the little girl with eaer, benevolent curiosity. "There," said she,
then they came to the meadows, "do you see
that white house, with the paling before it?"—
But that cannot be your house!" No, no, sir;
br. Campbell and several gentlemen have the
targe room, and they come there twice a week,
teach something to a great many children.—
trandmother can explain all that better to you,
ir, than I can; but all I know, is, that it is our
usiness to keep the room aired and swept, and
take care of the glass things, which you'll see;
nd you shall see how clean it is—It was I swept

They had now reached the gate, which was the paling before the house. The old woman ame to the door, clean neat and cheerful; she ecollected to have seen Forester in company ith Henry Campbell, at the watch-maker's; nd this was sufficient, to make him a welcome uest. "God bless the family, and all that beongs to them, for ever and ever!" said the woman. "This way, sir." "O, don't look into our little rooms yet; look at the great room first, f you please, sir," said the child.

this morning."

There was a large table in the middle of this ong room, and several glass retorts, and other chemical vessels, were ranged upon shelves:

wooden benches were placed on each side of table. The grand-mother, to whom the little girl had referred for a clear explanation, could not however, tell Forester very exactly uses of the retorts; but she informed him, that many of the manufacturers in Edinburgh sent their sons hither twice a week; and Dr. Campbell, and Mr. Henry Campbell, and some other gentlemen, came by turns, to instruct them.—
Forester recollected now that he once heard Henry talking to his father about a scheme for teaching the children of the manufacturers of Edinburgh some knowledge of chemistry; such as they might afterwards apply advantageously to the art, and every day business of life.

"I have formed projects, but what good have I ever actually done to my fellow-creatures?" said Forester to himself. With melancholy steps he walked, to examine every thing in the room, " Dr. Campbell sits in this arm-chair, does not he? and where does Henry sit?" The old woman placed the chairs for him as they usually were placed. Upon one of the shelves there was a slate, which, as it had been written upon, the little girl had put by very carefully: there were some calculations upon the weight of different gases, and the figures Forester knew to be Henry's; he looked at every thing that was Henry's with "Because I used to be so rough in my manner to him," said Forester to himself, "I dare say, that he thinks I have no feeling; and I suppose he has forgotten me by this time. deserve, indeed to be forgotten by every body! How could I leave such friends!" On the other

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Zi B side of the slate poor Forester saw his own name written several times over, in his friend's handwriting, and he read two lines of his own poetry which he remembered to have repeated to Henry, the day that they walked to Arthur's Seat. Forester felt much pleasure from this little proof of his friend Henry's remembrance.—
Now won't you look at our nice rooms?" said the child, who had waited with some patience, fill he had done pondering upon the slate.

The little rooms were well arranged, and their neatness was not now as much lost upon our hero, as it would have been some months before. The old woman and her grand-daughter, with all the pride of gratitude, exhibited to him several little presents of furniture, which they had received from Dr. Campbell's family. Henry gave me this!—Miss Flora gave me that!"—was frequently repeated. The little girl opened the door of her own room. On a clean, white deal bracket, which "Mr. Henry had put up with his own hands," stood the wellknown geranium, in its painted flower-pot.-Forester saw nothing else in the room, and it was in vain that both the old woman and her grand-daughter talked to him at once; he heard not a word that was said to him. The flowers were all gone, and the brown calvxes of the geranium flowers reminded him of the length of time which had elapsed since he had first seen them. "I am sorry there are no flowers to offer you," said the little girl, observing Forester's melancholy look; "but I thought you did not like geraniums; for I remember, when I gave

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you a fine flower in the watch-maker's shop, you pulled it to pieces, and threw it on the ground "I should not do so now," said Forester. black marks on the painted flower-pot had been entirely effaced. Forester turned away, endeavoured to conceal his emotion, and took leave of the place, as soon as the grateful inhabitants would suffer him to depart. The reflection, that he had wasted his time; that he had never done any good to any human being; that he had lost opportunities of making both himself and others happy, pressed upon his mind: but his stoical pride still resisted the thought of returning to Dr. Campbell's. "It will be imagined that I yield my opinions from meanness of spirit," said he to himself: "Dr. Campbell certainly has no farther regard or esteem for me; neither he nor Henry have troubled themselves about my fate. They are doing good to more deserving objects: they are intent upon literary pursuits, and have not time to bestow a thought on me: and Flora, I suppose, is as gay as she is good. I alone am unhappy,—a wanderer—an outcast—a useless being!"

Forester, whilst he was looking at the geranium, or soon afterwards, missed his handkerchief: the old woman and her grand-daughter searched for it all over the house, but in vain. He then thought he must have left it at the washerwoman's, where he met the little girl.— He called, to inquire for it, upon his return to Edinburgh. When he returned to this woman's house for his handkerchief, he found her sitting upon a low stool, in her laundry, weeping bitterly: her children stood round her. Forester inquired into the cause of her distress; and she told him, that, a few minutes after he left her. the young gentleman, who had been thrown from his horse into the scavanger's cart, was brought into her house, whilst his servant went home for another suit of clothes for him. did not at first guess that I had ever seen the young gentleman before," continued she; "but when the mud was cleared from his face. I knew him to be Mr. Archibald Mackenzie. I am sure I wish I had never seen his face then, or at any time. He was in a very bad humour after his tumble; and he began again to threaten me about a ten-guinea bank-note, which he and his servant declare they sent in his waistcoat pocket to be washed. I'm sure I never saw it. Mr. Henry Campbell quieted him about it for a while: but just now he began again with me, and he says he has spoken to an attorney, and that he will make me pay the whole note; and he swore at me as if I had been the worst creature in the world; and God knows I work hard for my children, and never wronged any one in my days!"

Forester, who forgot all his own melancholy reflections, as soon as he could assist any one who was in distress, bade the poor woman dry her tears, and assured her, that she had nothing to fear; for he would instantly go to Dr. Campbell, and get him to speak to Mackenzie, "If it is necessary," said he, "I'll pay the money myself." She clasped her hands joyfully, as he spoke; and all her children joined in an exclamation of delight. "I'll go to Dr. Campbell's

this instant," said our hero, whose pride in yielded to the desire of doing justice to this jured woman: he totally forgot himself, a thought only of her. "I'll go with you to I Campbell's, and I will speak to Mr. Mackeni immediately."

A SUMMONS.

Whilst Forester was walking through t streets, with the energy, which the hope of sering his fellow-creatures always excited in generous mind, he even forgot a favourite schen which had for some weeks past, occupied imagination. He had formed the design of turning to his friends, an altered being in his eternal appearance; all his apparel was now f ished, and ready for the grand day, when he tended to present himself to Dr. Campbell, rather to Flora Campbell, in the character of well bred gentleman. He had laid aside t dress and manners of a gentleman, from the opi ion, that they were degrading to the charact of a man: as soon as this prejudice had be conquered, he was ready to resume them. Me ny were the pleasing anticipations, in which

indulged himself: the looks of each of his friends, the generous approving eye of Henry, the benevolent countenance of Dr. Campbell, the arch smile of Flora, were all painted by his fancy, and he invented every circumstance, that was likely to happen, every word that would probably be said by each individual. We are sure, that our readers will give our enthusiastic hero credit for his forgetting these pleasing reveries, for his forgetting himself, nay, even Flora Campbell, when humanity and justice called upon him for exertion.

When he found himself in George's-square, within sight of Dr. Campbell's house, his heart beat violently, and he suddenly stopped, to recollect himself. He had scarcely stood a few instants, when a hard, stout-looking man came up to him, and asked him if his name were Forester. He started, and answered, "Yes, sir; what is your business with me?" The stranger replied, by producing a paper, and desiring him to read it. The paper, which was half-printed. half-written, began with these words:

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"You are hereby required to appear before ---" " What is all this?" exclaimed our hero. "It is a summons," replied the stranger. "I am a constable, and you will please to come with me before Mr. W..... This is not the first time you have been before him. I am told." this last insolent taunt Forester made no reply: but in a firm tone, said, "that he was conscious of no crime, but that he was ready to follow the constable, and to appear before Mr. W-, or any other magistrate, who wished to inquire into his Vol. I

conduct." Though he summoned all his f tude, and spoke with composure, he was mu astonished by this proceeding; he could not be reflecting, that an individual in society, who friends, an established character, and a home in a more desirable situation, than an unconnec ed being, who has no one to answer for his cor duct, no one to rejoice in his success, or to syn pathize in his misfortunes. "Ah, Dr. Campbell bappy father! in the midst of your own family you have forgotten your imprudent ward!" sai Forester to himself. "You do not know ho near he is to you -you do not know, that he wa just returning to you !--you do not see, that h is at this moment, perhaps, on the brink of di grace!"

THE BANK NOTES.

Forester was mistaken in his idea, that Dr. Campbell had forgotten him: but we shall not yet explain farther upon this subject; we only throw out this hint, that our readers may not totally change their good opinion of the doctor. We must now beg their attention to the continuation of the history of Archibald Mackenzie's bank-note.

Lady Catharine Mackenzie one day observed, that the colours were changed in one spot on the right hand pocket of her son's waistcoat.-" My dear Archibald," said she, " what has happened to your smart waistcoat! what is that terrible spot ?" " Really, ma'am, I don't know," said Archibald, with his usual soft voice, and deceitful smile. Henry Campbell observed that it seemed as if the colours had been discharged by some acid. "Did you wear that waistcoat, Mr. Mackenzie," said he, "the night the large bottle of vitriolic acid was broken—the night that poor Forester's cat was killed—don't you remember?" "O! I did not at first recollect—I cannot possibly remember, indeed, it is so long ago, what waistcoat I wore on that particular The extreme embarrassment in Archibald's manner surprised Henry,—"I really don't perceive your drift," continued Macken-

zie. "What made you ask the question so ea nestly?" He was relieved from his panic, who Henry answered, that he only wished to know whether it was probable, that it was staine with vitriolic acid; "because," said he, "I thir that is the pocket, in which you said you le your ten-guinea note; then, perhaps, the no may have been stained." "Perhaps so," repl ed Mackenzie, drily. "And if it were, yo could identify the note: you have forgotte the number; but if the note has been stains with vitriolic acid, we shall certainly be able know it again. The acid would have change the colour of the ink." Mackenzie earger seized this idea; and immediately, in pursuance of Henry's advice, went to several of the pri cipal bankers in Edinburgh, and requested, the if a note, stained in such a manner, should I presented to them, they would stop payment it, till Mackenzie should examine it. Some tix elapsed and nothing was heard of the note .-Mackenzie gave up all hopes of recovering it and in proportion as these hopes diminished, h old desire of making the poor washerwoma answerable for his loss, increased. We have just heard this woman's account of his behavior to her, when he came into her house to be r fitted, after his tumble from Sawney into th scavenger's cart. All his promises to Henry l thought proper to disregard: promises appea ed to him mere matters of convenience; and th idea of "taking in" such a young man as Heni Campbell, was to him an excellent joke. H resolved to keep the five guineas quietly which

Henry lent him; and at the same time to frighten this innocent, industrious woman into paying him the value of his bank-note.

Upon Mackenzie's return to Dr. Campbell's. after his fall from Sawney, the first thing he heard was, that his note was found; that it had been stopped at the Bank of Scotland; and that one of the clerks of the Bank, who brought it for his examination, had been some time waiting for his return from riding. When the note was produced, Henry saw, two or three of the words. which had been written in ink-the name of the person to whom it was payable, and the date of the month and year-were so pale as to be scarcely visible; and that there was a round hole through one corner of the paper. This round hole puzzled Henry; but he had no doubt, that the ink had been thus nearly obliterated by vitriolic acid. He poured a few drops, diluted with water, upon some printing, and the ink was quickly turned to nearly the same pale colour, as that in Mackenzie's note. The note was easily traced, as it had not passed through many hands—our readers will be sorry to hear it—to M. Pasgrave, the dancing-master. Mackenzie and the clerk went directly to his house, found him at home, and, without much preface, informed him of their business. The dancing-master trembled from head to foot, and, though innocent exhibited all the signs of guilt. He had not the slightest knowledge of business; and the manner and language of the banker's clerk, who accompanied Mackenzie, terrified him beyond measure, because he did not comprehend one word in tenhat he said about checks, entries, and despooks; and he was nearly a quarter of an house efore he could recover sufficient presence nind to consider from whom he received note. At length, after going over, in an unin teligible manner, all the puzzled accounts of moneys received and paid, which he kept in his lead, he declared, that he clearly recollected o have received the ten guinea note at Mr. Macpherson's, the tailor's; that he went, a few veeks ago, to settle his year's account with um; and that, in change for a twenty pound iote, he received that, which the banker's clerk ow produced. To Mackenzie it was perfectly ndifferent, who was found guilty, so that he ould recover his money. "Settle it as you will mongst you," said he; "the money must be efunded, or I must have you all before a magisrate directly." Pasgrave, in great perturbaion, set out for Mr. Macpherson's, showed him he note, and reminded him of the day, when e paid his account. "If you received the note rom us, sir," said the master-tailor, very calmy, "it must be entered in our books; for we eep regular accounts. The tailor's foreman, ho knew much more of the affair than his maser, appealed, with assumed security, to the enry in the books. By this entry it appeared, that I. Pasgrave settled his account the 17th of Ocober: that he paid the balance by a twentyound note, and that he received in change a en-guinea note, on Sir Arthur Forbes's bank.-You see, sir," said the tailor, "this cannot ossibly be Mr. Mackenzie's; for his note is on e Bank of Scotland. Our entry is as full as

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possible; and I am ready to produce my books. and to abide by them, in any court of justice in the world." M. Pasgrave was totally at a loss: he could only repeat, that he remembered to have received Mackenzie's note from one of the tailor's men, who brought it from an inner The foreman boldly asserted that brought the change exactly as his master gave it to him, and that he knew nothing more of the matter. But, in fact, he knew a great deal more. He had found the note in the pocket of Mackenzie's waistcoat, which his servant had left to be mended, after he had torn it furtively. as has been already related. When his master called him into the inner room, to give him the change for Pasgrave, he observed, that there was a ten-guinea note wrapped up with some half-pence, and he thought, that it would be a prudent thing to substitute Mackenzie's note, which he had by him, in the place of this. He accordingly gave Pasgrave Mackenzie's note: and thrust the note, which he had received from his master, into a corner of his trunk, where he usually kept little windfalls, that came to him by the negligence of customers-tooth-pick cases, loose silver, odd gloves, &c. all which he knew how to dispose of. But this bank note was a higher prize than usual, and he was afraid to pass it till all inquiry had blown over. He knew his master's regularity; and he thought, that if the note was stopped afterwards at any of the banks, it could never be traced farther than to-M. Pasgrave. He was rejoiced to see, that this poor man was in such trepidation of mind, that he could not, in the least, use his understanding and he saw, with much satisfaction, that his ne ter, who was a positive man, and proud of t accuracy of his books, was growing red in t face in their defence. Mackenzie, in the me time, who had switched his boots with great in patience during their debate, interfered at la with-" Come, gentlemen, we can't stand he all day, to hear you give one another the lie. One of you, its plain, must shell out your coria ders; but as you can't settle which, we my put you to your oath. I see." "Mr. W-'s not far off, and I am ready to go before him wi my books this instant," said the fiery maste tailor. "My books were never called in que tion, since I was in trade, till this instant; a nobody but a French dancing-master, who u derstands no more of debtor and creditor than I goose, would stand out against such an entry this."

To Mr. W—'s, the tailor, his foreman, t dancing-master, the banker's clerk, and Makenzie, repaired. Pasgrave turned paler the ever dancer turned before; and gave himse his character, and his wife and children, all for lost, when he heard that he was to be pupon his oath. He drew back, when Mr. Wheld the book to him, and demanded wheth he would swear to the person from whom received the note. He said he could not sweat but the best of his belief—en conscience—honneur—foi d'honnete homme—he was co vinced he received it from Mr. Macpherson foreman. The foreman, who from one step

iny found himself hurried on to another and her, now scrupled not to declare, that he ready to take his oath, that he delivered the and change, just as his master gave it to , to M. Pasgrave. The magistrate turned to pale, conscientious, incapacitated dancingter, and in a severe tone said, "Appearan-are strangely against you, M. Pasgrave. e's a young gentleman has lost a bank-note is stopped at the Bank of Scotland-it is trahome to you—you say you got it from Mr. pherson, or his foreman—his books are proed-the entry in them is clearly against you; it states, that the note given to you in ige was one of sir Arthur Forbes's bank; this, which I hold now in my hand, is of the k of Scotland. Please now to tell how this of the Bank of Scotland, which has been ved to be the property of Mr. Mackenzie, e into your possession. From whom did receive it? or how did you come by it? I not surprised, that you decline taking an upon this occasion." "Ah, monsieur, ayez de moi!" cried the innocent, but terrified , throwing himself upon one knee, in an atle, which on the stage, would have produa sublime effect-"Ah, monsieur, ayez pile moi! I have no more dan de child no sense ffairs." Mackenzie interrupted him with a tal laugh. The more humane banker's clerk moved by the simplicity of this avowed igince of business. He went up to the disted dancer, and said, "It is not to be expec-that every body should understand business

as we do, sir; if you are innocent, only give yourself time to recollect; and though it's un fortunate, that you never keep any regular accounts, may be we shall be able to make out this affair of the entry. If Mr.W—will give me leave to take this pen and ink, and if you will try to recollect all the persons, from whom you have received money lately-" " Ah mon dieu! dat is impossible." Then he began to name the quarterly and half-yearly payments, that he had received from his various pupils, "Did any of them lately give you a ten-guinea note?" "Ah oui, je me rapelle-un jeune monsieur-un certain monsieur, qui ne veut pas que -qui est la incognito-who I would not betray for de world: for he has behaved wid de most parfaite generosite to me." "But did he give you a ten guinea bank-note? that is all we want to know," said the magistrate. "Mais—oui— yes," "About what time?" said the clerk. It was about the beginning of October; and this was so near the time when he settled accounts with Mr. Macpherson, the tailor, that he even himself began to believe it possible, that he had mistaken one note for the other. "When the young gentleman gave you the note," said the banker's clerk," surely you must have looked at it-you must have observed these remarkable Pasgrave replied, that he did look at it, he supposed; that he saw it was a ten-guinea note; it might be stained, it might not be stained; he could not pretend to be certain about it. He repeated his assurances, that he was ignorant of business, and of every thing in the world but

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dancing. "Pour la danse, je m'y connois—pour les affaires, je n'en scais rien moi." He, with his usual simplicity, added, that if Mr. Wwould give him leave, he would go to the young gentleman, his friend, and learn from him exactly the number of the note, which he had given him; that he was sure he could recollect his own note immediately. Mackenzie, who thought that this was merely pretence, in order to escape, told him, that he could not be suffered to go out upon his parole. "But," said Mr. W-. " tell us the name of this young gentleman, who has so much generosity, and who lives incognito. I think I had a young man here before me, about two months ago, charged with breaking a confectioner's windows in a riot, the night of the great illuminations.-Hey! don't I remember some such thing? And you, M. Pasgrave, if I mistake not, interested yourself mightily about this young man; and told me, and my daughters, sir, that he was a young gentleman incognito. I begin to see through this affair. Perhaps this is the same young gentleman from whom you received the note. And pray what value did you give for it?" Pasgrave, whose fear of betraying Forester now increased his confusion, stammered, and first said the note was a present, but afterward ådded, "I have been giving de young person lessons in dancing for dese six week."

"Well, then, we must summon this young person," said, Mr. W—. "Tell us his name, if you please," said Mackenzie. "I have some suspicion, that I know your gentleman incognito."
"You need not trouble him," said the magis-

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trate: "I know the name already, and I know the bird is to be found: his name, if he not changed it since he was last in this room Forester." "Forester!" exclaimed Mackenz "I thought so! I always thought how he wo turn out. I wonder what his friends the Car

bells, will have to say for him now!"

Mr. W-'s pen stopped. "His friends, Campbells-humph! So the Campbell's are friends, are they?" repeated he. "They a his friends," answered Mackenzie; "but] Forester thought proper, nobody knows why run away from them some months ago: the o reason I could ever learn, was, that he did like to live amongst gentlemen; and he has be living ever since incognito, amongst blackguai and we see the fruits of it." Mackenzie eage handed the summons, as soon as it was signed a constable; and Mr. W-directed the consta to Mr. ---, the bookseller's, adding, " bo sellers and printers are dangerous persons.' The constable, who had seen Forester the ni that he was confined with Tom Random, kn his face and person: and we have told our re ers, that he met Forester in George's squa going to Dr. Campbell's, to vindicate the in cence of the poor washerwoman.

The tailor's foreman was not a little alarm when the summons was sent for our hero; dreaded that the voice of truth should be hear and he skulked behind the rest of the compa What astonishment did Forester feel, when entered the room, and saw the group that s rounded the justice's table!—Archibald Mack.

zie, with an insulting sneer on his lips—Pasgrave with eyes fixed upon him in despair—Mr. Macpherson, the tailor, pointing to an entry in his book—his foreman shrinking from notice—the banker's clerk, with benevolent scepticism in his countenance—and the justice, with a porten-

tous scowl upon his brow.

"Come forward, Mr. Forester," said the magistrate, as our hero made a sudden pause of astonishment; "come forward sir!" Forester advanced with calm intrepidity. "You are better dressed than when I had the kenour of seeing you here some time ago, sir. Are you a printer still, or a gentleman? Your dress certainly bespeaks a change in your condition." "I am sure I should hardly know Mr. Forester again, he is grown such a beau, comparatively speaking, I mean, said Mackenzie. "But certainly, M. Pasgrave, you must have made some mistake; I don't know how to believe my. senses! Is this the young gentleman to whom you alluded? Mr. Forester, do you know——?" "Give me leave, Mr. Mackenzie," interrupted the justice: "I shall examine this young incognito myself. I think I know how to come at the truth. Will you do me the favour, sir, to inform me, whether you recollect any thing of a ten guinea bank-note, which you gave or paid, some time in last October, to this gentleman?" pointing to M. Pasgrave. "I do," replied Forester, in a distinct, unembarrassed voice, " perfectly well remember giving M. Pasgrave a tenguinea bank-note." "Ah, monsieur, je ne suis pas un ingrat-Ne pensez pas que-" "O, Vol. I.

L. Pasgrave," interrupted Mackenzie, " this in to time for compliments and fine speeches; for dod's sake, let us get to the bottom of this at fair, without further ceremony." "Sir," said the banker's clerk, "all we want to know, is the number of your note, and the firm of the house. Was your note one of sir Arthur Forbes's, or of the Bank of Scotland?" Forester was silent. "I do not recollect," said he, after some pause,
"You don't recollect, sir," said the justice, "is something like an evasive answer. You must have a vast number of bank-notes, then, we must presume, if you cannot recollect to what Bank your ten-guinea note belonged." Forester did not understand this logic; but he simply repeated his assertion. "Pray, sir," said the tailor, who could no longer restrain his impatience-" Pray, sir," said the magistrate in a solemn manner, "be silent. I shall find out the truth. So, Mr. Forester, you cannot possibly recollect the house of your note? You will tell us next I dare say, that you cannot possibly recollec how you came by it." "Sir," said Forester "if it is necessary, I can readily tell you how came by it." "It is very necessary, sir, for you own credit." "I received it from Dr. Cam bell." "Dr. Campbell!" repeated the mag trate, changing his tone. "And I have so idea, that the doctor gave me a list of the nu bers of that and four other notes, with which fortunately have not parted." " Some idea me nothing in a court of justice, sir; if you h any such paper, you can do us the favour to duce it." Now this list was locked up in

trunk, of which the key was dropped into the brewing vat. Richardson, the clerk, had returned the key to him; but, such is the force of habit, he had not cured himself of the foolish trick of twirling it upon his thumb; and, about two months ago, he dropped it, in one of his walks to Arthur's Seat. He long searched for it amongst the rocky fragments, but at last gave it up; he little imagined of how much consequence it might be to him. Dr. Campbell had once refused to break open the lock; and he felt very unwilling to apply to him, in his present circumstances. However, he wrote a few lines to Henry Campbell; but as soon as he had written them, his pride revolted from the thoughts of supplicating the assistance of his friends, in such a disgrace-ful situation. "If you don't choose to write," said the officious malevolence of Archibald, "I can, however, speak; I'll desire Dr. Campbell to open your trunk, and search for the paper." He left the room before Forester could make any farther opposition.

"I have answered, I hope, both distinctly and respectfully, all the questions that you have asked me," said Forester, turning to Mr. W—. "I hope you will no longer keep me in the dark. Of what am I suspected?" "I will tell you, sir," replied the deliberate, unfeeling magistrate; "you are suspected of having, I will not say stolen, but you are more than suspected of having come unfairly, by a certain ten-guinea bank-note, which the young gentleman, who has just left the room, lost a few months ago." Forester, as this speech was slowly proneunced.

sat down, folded his arms, and appeared totall insensible: quite unconscious, that he was in the presence of a magistrate, or that any human be ing was observing him. "Ah, mon cher mon-sieur pardonnez!" cried Pasgrave, bursting into tears. "N'en parlons plus," added he, turning to the magistrate. "Je paverai tout ce qu'il faut. I will pay de ten guinea. I will satisfy every body. I cannot never forgive myself, if I bring him into any disgrace." " Disgrace!" exclaimed Forester, starting up, and repeating the word in a tone, which made every person in the room, not excepting the phlegmatic ma-gistrate, start, and look up to him, with a sudden feeling of inferiority. His ardent eye spoke the language of his soul. No words could express his emotion. The master-tailor dropped his day-" Constable !-- call a constable !" cried book. the justice. "Sir, you forget in whose presence you are; you think, I suppose, that your friends, the Campbells, will bear, you out. Sir, I would have you to know, that all the Campbells in Scotland can't bail you for a felony. Sir, philosophers should know these things. If you cannot clear yourself to my entire satisfaction, Mr. Forester, I shall commit you, in one word to goal yes-look as you please, sir, to goal. And if the doctor, and his son, and all his family, come up to bail you, I shall, meo periculo, refuse their bail. The law, sir, is no respecter of persons. So none of your rhodomontades, young gentle-man, in my presence; but step into this closet, if you please; and, I advise you, bring your mind into a becoming temperament, whilst I go

to dinner. Gentlemen, continued he, to Mac-pherson and Pasgrave, "you'll be so good to wait here, in this apartment. Constable, look to your prisoner;" pointing to the door of the closet. "John, let me know when Dr. Campbell arrives; and tell them to send up dinner directly," said the justice to his butler.

Whilst he dines, we must leave the tailor complaining, that he was wasting precious time; the foreman, in the panic of guilt; and the good na-tured dancing-master, half distracted betwixt his fears and his ignorance. He looked, from time to time, through the key-hole of the closet, in which Forester was confined; and exclaimed: "Grand Dieu! comme il a l'air noble a cet instant! Ah! lui coupable!-he go to gaol!-it is impossible!"

"" We shall see how that will be, presently," said the foreman, who had hitherto preserved absolute silence. "I abide by my books," said the master-tailor, "and I wish Dr. Campbell would make hater. I have lost a day."

In spite of the tailor's imperial exclamation, he was obliged to wait some time longer. When Mackenzie arrived at Dr. Campbell's, Henry was not at home: he was gone to the house at the back of the meadows, to prepare some chemical experiments for the next day's lecture. Mackenzie, however, found Dr. Campbell at home, in his study; and, in a soft, hypecritical voice, lamented, that he was obliged to communicate some disagreeable circumstances relating to young Mr. Forester. "You do not, I pre-sume, know where that unfortunate, misguided

youth is at present; at this moment, I mean. "I do not know where he is at this moment, said Dr. Campbell, calmly: "but I know wher bookseller's. I have had my eye upon him eve since he left this house. I have traced him from place to place. Though I have said little abou him, Mr. Mackenzie, I have a great regard for my unfortunate ward." "I am sorry for it, sir, said Mackenzie; " this note will wound you feelings the more deeply." "What is the ma ter? pray, speak at once," cried Dr. Campbel who now forgot all his usual calmness. "When is Forester?" "He is, at this moment, before Mr. W-, the magistrate, sir, charged withbut I own, I cannot believe him guilty-"Charged with what? For God's sake, spea plainly, Mr. Mackenzie!" " Then, in one wor sir, my lost bank-note is traced home to Mr. Fo rester. M. Pasgrave says he received it from him." "Surely, sir," said Dr. Campbell, wit indignation, "you would not insinuate, that Fe rester has stolen your bank note?" "I insint ate nothing, doctor," said Archibald; " but fear the thing is too plainly proved. My bank note has certain stains, by which it has bee identified. All that I know, is, that Mr. Wsays, he can take no bail; and that he must con mit Mr. Forester to gaol, unless he can cles himself. He says, that, a few days before h left your house, you, paid him his quarterly lowance of fifty guineas, in five ten-guinea bank notes." "He says true. I did so," said Di Campbell, eagerly. "And he says, that yo

gave them to him wrapped in a piece of paper, on which the numbers of the notes were written." "I remember it distinctly. I desired him to take care of that paper." "He is not famous for taking care, you know, sir, of any thing. He says, he believes he threw it into his trunk; but he has lost the key of the trunk I understand." "No matter; we can break it open this instant, and search for the paper," cried Dr. Campbell, who was now extremely alarmed for his ward. Mackenzie stood by, without offering any assistance, whilst Dr. Campbell broke open the trunk, and searched it with the greatest anxiety. It was in terrible disor-The coat and waistcoat, which Forester wore at the ball, were crammed in at the top: and underneath, appeared unfolded linen, books, boots, maps, shoes, cravats, fossils, and heaps of little rumpled bits of paper, in which the fossils had once been contained. Dr. Campbell opened every one of these. The paper he wanted was not amongst them. He took every thing out of the box, shook and searched all the pockets of his coat, in which Forester used, before his reformation, to keep hoards of strange papers. No list of bank-notes appeared. length, Dr. Campbell espied the white corner of a paper mark in a volume of Goldsmith's Animated Nature. He pulled out this mark, and, to his great joy, he found it to be the very paper he wanted. "So it's found, is it?" said Mackenzie, disappointed; whilst Dr. Campbell seized his hat, left every thing upon the floor, and was very near locking the door of the room

upon Mackenzie. "Don't lock me in here tor, I am going back with you to Mr. W—said Archibald. "Won't you stay?—din going up—Mr. W——was going to his when I came away." Without listening to Dr. Campbell just let him out, locked the and hurried away to his poor ward.

"I have let things go too far," said he to self. "As long as Forester's credit was danger, as long as he was unknown, it was well: but now his character is at stake

may pay too dear for his experience."

"Dr. Campbell," said the pompous I trate, who hated philosophers, rising from as Dr. Campbell entered, "do not speak of bailing this ward of your's. It is impossir; I know my duty." "I am not come fer bail for my ward," said Dr. Campbell; to prove his innocence." "We must hop best," said Mr. W.—; and having force doctor to pledge him in a bumper of port, 'I am ready to proceed again to the examin of all the parties concerned."

Dr. Campbell was now shown into the where Mr. Macpherson, his foreman, and grave, were waiting. "Ah monsieur, Dieu vous voila:" exclaimed Pasgrave. "You go," said Mr. W—, to the constable; wait below stairs." He unlocked the door. Forester, at the sight of Dr. Cam covered his face with his hands; but, an i afterwards, he advanced with intrepidity. cannot, I am sure, believe me to be gui any meanness, Dr. Campbell," said he.

prudent I have been and I suffer for my folly." "Guilty!" cried Dr. Campbell-"No: I could almost as soon suspect my own son of such an action. But my belief is nothing to the purpose. We must prove your innocence." "Ah oui, monsieur; and mine too: for I am innocent, I can assure you," cried M. Pasgrave. "The whole business, sir," said the banker's clerk, who had, by this time, returned, to hear the termination of the affair-"the whole thing can be settled in two minutes, by a gentleman like you, who understands business. Mr. Forester cannot recollect the number or the firm of a ten-guinea bank-note, which he gave to M. Pasgrave. M. Pasgrave cannot recollect either; and he is in doubt, whether he received this stained note, which Mr. Markenzie lost, from Mr. Forester, or from Mr. Macpherson, the tailor." "There can be no doubt about me," said Macpherson. "Dr. Campbell, will you be so good to look at the entry? I acknowledge I gave M. Pasgrave a ten-guinea note: but here's the number of it. 177, of Forbes's bank, Mr. Mackenzie's note. you see, is of the bank of Scotland; and the stains upon it are so remarkable, that if I had ever seen it before, I should certainly remember it, I'll take my oath I never saw it before." "Sir," said Forester, eagerly, to Dr. Campbell, "you gave me five ten-guinea notes; here are four of them in this pocket-book; the fifth I gave to M. Pasgrave. Can you tell me the number of that note?" "I can," said Dr. Campbell, producing the paper, which he found in Goldsmith's Animated Nature. "I had the precau-

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tion to write down the numbers of all you myself. Here they are." Forester oper pocket-book. His four remaining notes compared, and perfectly agreed with the bers in the list. The fifth, the number note, which he gave to Pasgrave, was 15 the New Bank. "One of your tennotes," said Dr. Campbell to Pasgrave, paid into the Bank of Scotland; and the tleman," pointing to the banker's clerk, ped it this morning. Now, you have ha ther ten-guinea note, what became of the Pasgrave, who understood Dr. Campbell method of questioning him, answered in ately-"I did give the other to my hai ser-not long ago-who lives in ----s Dr. Campbellinstantly went himself to the dresser-found that he had the note still possession-brought him to Mr. Wwhen the note was examined—it was fo be No. 1260, of the New Bank, which corresponded with the entry in the list of which Dr. Campbell had produced.

"Then all is right," said Dr. Campbell.
oui!—Ah hon!" exclaimed Pasgrave. '
will become of me?" "Compose your
good sir," said Dr. Campbell. "You h
two ten-guniea notes, you are sure of
"But two—but two—I will swear, but
"You are now certain, which of these two
you had from my ward. The other, yo
you received from—" "From dis g
man, I will swear," cried Pasgrave, pulli
tailor's foreman forwards. "I can swea

I am in no embarrass; I am sure I did get de oder note from dis gentleman." The master tailor was astonished to see all the palid marks of guilt in his foreman's countenance. "Did you change the note, that I gave you in the inner room?" said Mr. Macpherson. The foreman, as soon as he could command his voice, denied the charge; and persisted in it, that he gave the note and change, which his master wrapped up, exactly as it was, to the dancing-master. Dr. Campbell proposed, that the taitor's shop, and the foreman's room, should be searched. Mr. W— sent proper people to Mr. Macpherson's; and, whilst they are searching his house, we may inquire what is become of Henry Campbell.

THE CATASTROPHE.

HENRY CAMPBELL, the last time we her him, was at the house at the back of the dows. When he went into the large room, chemical experiments, the little girl, who proud of having arranged it neatly, ran o fore him, and showed him the places when his things were put. "The writing and the ures are not rubbed off your slate: there sir, said she pointing to a high shelf. whose handkerchief is this?" said Henry king up a handkerchief, which was unde "Gracious! that must be the good tleman's handkerchief; he missed it just : was going out of the house. He thought h left it at the washerwoman's, where I met and he is gone back to look for it there. I'l with it to the washerwoman's; may be she ! where to find him."-" But you have no me who he is. Whom do you mean by the gentleman ?" "The good gentleman, sir I saw with you at the watch-maker's, th that you helped me to carry the great gera out of my grandmother's room." "Do you that Forester has been here?" exclaimed ry. "I never heard his name, sir; but I that the gentleman has been here, whom the good gentleman, because it was he, went with me to my cross school-mistress,

to persuade her to use me well. She beat me, to be sure, after he was gone, for what he had said: but I'm not the less obliged to him, because he did every thing, as he thought, for the best.—And so I'll run with his handkerchief to the wo-

man's, who will give it safe to him."

Henry recollected his promise to his father.—
It required all his power over himself, to forbear questioning the child, and endeavouring to find out something more of his friend. He determined to mention the circumstance to his father, and to Flora; as soon as he returned home. He was always impatient to tell any thing to his sister, that interested himself or his friends; for Flora's gayety was not of that unfeeling sort, which seeks merely for amusement, and which, unmixed with sympathy for others, may divert in a companion, but disgusts in a friend.

Whilst Henry was reflecting upon the manner in which he might most expeditiously arrange his chemical experiments, and return home, the little girl came running back with a face of great distress. As soon as she had breath to speak, she told Henry, that, when she went to the washerwoman's with the handkerchief, she was told "a sad piece of news; that Mr, Forester had been taken up, and carried before Mr. W-, the magistrate. We don't know what he has done. I'm sure I don't think he can have done any thing wrong." Henry no sooner heard these words, than he left all his retorts, rushed out of the house, hurried home to his father, and learned from Flora, with great surprise, that her father had already been sent for, and was gone to Vol. I.

Mr. W-'s. She did not know the circumstances, that Mackenzie related to Doctor Campbell; but she told him, that her father seemed much alarmed: that she met him crossing the hall, and that he could not stop to speak to her. Henry proceeded directly to Mr. W-'s; and he arrived there just as the people returned from the search of the tailor's house. His opinion of Forester's innocence was so strong, that, when he entered the room, he instantly walked up to him, and embraced him, with a species of frank confidence in his manner, which, to Forester, was more expressive, than any thing that he could have said. The whole affair was quickly explained to him: and the people, who had been sent to Mr. Macpherson's, now came up stairs to Mr. W-, and produced a ten-guinea bank note, which was found in the foreman's box. Upon examination, this note was discovered to be the very note which Mr. Macpherson sent with the change to Pasgrave. It was No. 177, of Sir Arthur Forbes' bank, as mentioned in the circumstantial entry in the day-book. The joy of the poor dancing-master, at this complete proof of his innocence, was rapturous and voluble. Secure of the sympathy of Forester, Henry, and Dr. Campbell, he looked at them by turns, whilst he congratulated himself upon this "eclaircissement;" and assured the banker's clerk, that he would in future keep accounts. We are impatient to get rid of the guilty foreman. He stood, a horrible image of despair. He was committed to goal: and was carried away by the constables, without being pitied by any person present. Every body.

however, was shocked. Mackenzie broke silence first, by exclaiming, "Well, now, I presume, Mr. W., I may take possession of my own bank note again." He took up all the notes, which lay upon the table, to search amongst them for his own. "Mine, you know, is stained," said Archibald. "But it is very singular," said Henry Campbell, who was looking over his shoulder, "that here are two stained notes.-That, which was found in the foreman's box is stained in one corner, exactly as yours was stained, Mr. Mackenzie." Macpherson, the tailor, now stooped to examine it. "Is this No. 177, the note that I sent in change, by my foreman, to M. Pasgrave ?-I'll take my oath, it was not stained in that manner when I took it out of my desk. It was a new, and quite clean note. must have been stained since." "And it must have been stained with vitriolic acid," continued Henry. "Aye, there's cunning for you," cried Archibald. "The foreman, I suppose, stained it, that it might not be known." "Have you any vitriolic acid in your house?" pursued Henry, addressing himself to the master tailor.-" Not I, indeed, sir. We have nothing to do with such things; they'd be very dangerous to us." "Pray," said Henry, "will you give me leave, Mr. W—, to ask the person who searched the foreman's box, a few questions?" "Certainly, sir," said Mr. W—; "though I protest I cannot see what you are driving at." Henry enquired what was found in the box with the bank note.— The man who searched it enumerated a vari-

ety of things. "None of these," said I "could have stained the note. Are you that there was nothing else?" "Nothing world-nothing but an old glass stopper, lieve." "I wish I could see that stopper, Henry. "This note was rolled round it, the man; "but I threw it into the box again go and fetch it, sir, if you have any curios see it." "Curiosity to see an old stopper? cried Archibald Mackenzie, with a forced "what good would that do us? We have kept here long enough. I move that we go to our dinners." But Dr. Campbell, who that Henry had some particular reason for ing to see this glass stopper, seconded his s The man went for it; and when he brought to the room, Henry Campbell looked at is carefully, and then decidedly said, fixing hi upon Archibald Mackenzie, who in vain gled to keep his countenance from cha "This glass stopper, Mr. Mackenzie, i stopper of my father's vitriolic acid bottle was broken the night the cat was killed. stopper has stained the bank notes. And it stopper has stained the bank notes. And is have been in the pocket of your waiston. "My pocket!" interrupted Archibald; 's should it come into my pocket? It never in my pocket, sir." Henry pointed to the on his waistooat. He wore the very wai in question "Sir," said Archibald, "I know what you mean by pointing at my coat. It is stained, it is true, and very by vitriolic acid; but as I have been so of the doctor's laboratory, when your experi

been going on, is not it very natural to supthat a drop of one of the acids might have on my clothes? I have seen your waistcoats ed, I am sure. Really, Mr. Campbell, you infriendly, uncharitable; your partiality for Forester should not blind you, surely. I you want to exculpate him from having any in the death of that cat. But that should ny dear sir, make you forget what is due to e. You should not, permit me to say, enour to criminate an innocent person."is is all very fine," said Henry; "and you prove your innocence to me at once, Mr. enzie, if you think proper, by showing that vaistcoat was really, as you assert, stained drop of vitriolic acid's falling upon the outof it. Will you show us the inside of the et?" Mackenzie, who was now in two much ision to know distinctly what Henry meant ove, turned the pocket inside out, and red, "That stopper was never in my pocket, wear." "Don't swear to that, for God's " said Henry. "Consider what you are g. You see, that there is a hole burnt in pocket. Now, if a drop of acid had fallen u said, upon the outside of the waistcoat, it have been more burnt on the outside than on nside." "I don't know-I can't pretend to sitive," said Archibald; "but what signi-Il this rout about the stopper?" "It siga great deal to me," said Dr. Campbell, ng away from Mackenzie with contempt, iddressing himself to his ward, who met his oving eye with proud delight. "It signifies a great deal to me. Forgive me, M ester, for having doubted your word for ment." Forester held his guardian's han out being able for some instants, to reply. are coming home with us, Forester?" sa ry.--" No;" said Dr. Campbell, smiling must not ask him to come home with us t We have a little dance at our house t Lady Catherine Mackenzie wished to tal of her Edinburgh friends. She goes from morrow. We must not expect to see I at a ball; but to morrow morning-"" said Forester smiling, "you have no fait! reformation. Well, I have affairs to set my master, the printer. I must go hor take leave of him. He has been a good to me; and I must go and finish my task recting. Adieu." He abruptly left Dr. bell and Henry, and went to the bookto inform him of all that had passed, and t him for his kindness. "You will be at a morrow for a corrector of the press," s "I am determined you shall not suffer vagaries. Send home the proof sheets work in hand to me, at Dr. Campbell's will return them to you punctually co Employ me till you have provided yours another, I will not say, a better hand. imagine," continued Forester, "that I you for your kindness to me, by prese deed I know you are in such circumstance you disdain money. But I hope you wil of a small mark of my regard-a comple of new types."

Whilst Forester's generous heart expanded with joy at the thoughts of returning once more to his friends, we are sorry to leave him to finish the history of Archibald Mackenzie. sneaked home after Dr. Campbell and Henry, whose silent contempt he well understood. Dr. Campbell related all that had passed to Lady Catherine. Her ladyship showed herself more apprehensive that her son's meanness should be known to the world, than indignation or sorrow + for his conduct. Archibald whilst he was dressing for the ball, began to revolve in his mind certain words, which his mother had said to him. about his having received the lie direct from Hen-ry Campbell—his not having the spirit of a gen-tleman. "She certainly meant," said he to himself, "that I ought to fight him. It's the only way I can come off; as he spoke so plainly before Mr. W-, and all those people; the bank er's clerk too was by; and, as my mother says, it will be talked of. I'll get Sir Philip Gosling to go with my message. I think I've heard Dr. Campbell say he disapproved of duels. Perhaps Henry won't fight. Has Sir Philip Gosling sent to say, whether he would be with us at the ball to-night?" said Archibald to his servant, who was dressing his hair. "No, sir," replied the servant; "Sir Philip's man has not been here: but major O'Shannon has been here twice since you were away, to see you. He said he had some message to deliver from Sir Philip to you."
"To me!—message to me?" repeated Archibald, turning pale. Archibald knew major O'Shannon, who had of late insinuated himself into Sir Philip Gosling's favour, had a particular distinct him, and had successfully bullied him upon on two occasions. Archibald had that civil coward which made him excessively afraid of the opinion of the world: and major O'Shannon, a gaster, who was jealous of his influence over rich dupe, Sir Philip, determined to entanglichim in a quarrel. The major knocked at the door a third time, before Archibald was dressed; and when he was told, that he was dressing, and could not see any one, he sent up the following note.

"Sir.

"The last time I met you at the livery stables, in company with my friend, Sir Philip Gosling, I had the honour of telling you my mind, in terms sufficiently explicit, concerning a transaction which cannot have escaped your memory. My friend, Sir Philip, declares, you never hinted, that the poney was spavined. I don't pretend to be so good a jockey as you; but you'll excuse my again saying, I can't consider your conduct as that of a gentleman. Sir Philip is of my mind; and if you resent my interference, I am ready to give you the satisfaction of a gentleman. If not, you will do well to leave Edinburgh along with your mother, to-morrow morning: for Edinburgh is no place for cowards, as long as one has the honour of living in it, who calls himself (by courtesy)

Your humble servant,

CORNELIUS O'SHANNON."
"P. S. Sir Philip is at your service, after

your settling with me."

Archibald, oppressed with the sense of his own neanness, and somewhat alarmed at the idea of ghting three duels to retrieve his credit, thought best to submit, without a struggle, in the first astance, to that public disgrace which he had nerited. He wrote a shabby apology to major Shannon and sir Philip, concluding with sayng, that rather than lose a friend he so much alued as sir Philip Gosling, he was willing to orget all that had passed, and even to take back ne poney, and to return Sawney, if the matter ould, by this means be adjusted to his satisfacon. He then went to his mother, and talked her in a high style of his desperate intentions uith respect to Henry Campbell. " Either he r I must fall before we quit the ground," said ne artful Archibald; well knowing, that lady 'atherine's maternal tenderness would be awaened by these ideas. Other ideas were also wakened in the prudent mother's mind. Dr. campbell was nearly related to a general officer. rom whom she looked for promotion for her son. he repented, upon reflection, of what she had astily said, concerning the lie direct, and the spiit of a gentleman; and she softened down her ride, and talked of her dislike to breaking up ld family friendships. Thence she digressed ato hints of the advantages, that might accrue rom cultivating Dr. Campbell's good opinion; dmitted, that Henry was strangely prejudiced n favour of his rough friend, Forester; but oberved, that Mr. Forester, after all, though sinular, was a young man of merit, and at the ead of a very considerable estate. "Archi-

bald," said she, " we must make and conciliate matters; unless ye young gentleman your friend, yo hope to be on an eligible footing v dian. His guardian, you see is gl back again, and, I dare say, has hi never saw him, and I know him wel rits in my life, as he was, when he us, to announce the probability of l turn to-morrow morning. The d say has, good reasons for what he understand, his ward is reconciled living in the world, and enjoying h like other people. So, I hope, yo of course, you and the doctor and bell will be very good friends. you at Edinburgh for a few month our commission: and I shall beg the troduce you to his friend and rel D-. If he can do nothing for y look towards the church. I trust dence not to think of Flora Campl leave you in the house with her; afford, Archibald, to marry a girl a fortune; and, you may be sure have other views for her. Pray, le more of duels and quarrels. And l into the ball-room; for miss Campl dressed and down stairs this half would not have you inattentive; tl please, as much as the other extren I may safely leave you to your ow Lady Catherine, after this prudent entered the ball-room, where all

n after assembled. Seated in gay ranges, well-dressed belies were eager for the dancto commence. Lady Catherine stood by Dr. mpbell; and, as soon as the ball began, when music played, and she saw every one absorb-in themselves, or in their partners, she adssed herself to the doctor, on the subject, ich was next her heart, or rather, next her agination. "The general is to be with you ortly, I understand," said she. Dr. Campbell dly answered in the affirmative. "To be idid with you, doctor, if you'll sit down, I want have a little chat with you about my Archibald. is not every thing I could wish, and I see u are displeased with him about this foolish siness that has just happened. For my own rt, I think him to blame; but we must pardon, must make allowances for the errors of youth; I I need not, to a man of your humanity, ob-ve, what a cruel thing it is, to prejudice the rld against a young man, by telling little anec-tes to his disadvantage. Relations must sureuphold one another; and, I am convinced, you ll speak of Archibald with candour and friendp.,,,

"With candour, and with truth," replied Dr. mpbell. "I cannot pretend to feel friendship rely on the score of relationship."

The proud blood mounted into lady Catherine's e, and she replied, "Some consideration for e's own relations, I think, is not unbecoming. chibald, I should have thought, has as strong claim upon Dr. Campbell's friendship, as the a of an utter stranger to the family. Old Max. Forester had a monstrous fortune, 'tis true; his wife, who was no grand affair, I believe merchant's daughter, I'm told, brought him the greatest part of it; and yet, without any nature connexion between the families, or any thin very desirable, setting fortune out of the question, you accept the guardianship of this your man, and prefer him, I plainly see, to my Archivalad. I candidly ask you the question, and an swer me candidly."

"As you have explicitly asked the question, will answer your ladyship candidly. I do prefer my ward to your son. I have avoided drawing comparisons between your son and Forester; and I now wish to avoid speaking of Mr. Archibald Mackenzie, because I have little hopes of being

of service to him."

"Nay," said lady Catherine, softening her tone, "you know you have it in your power to be of the greatest service to him."

"I have done all I could," said Dr. Campbell

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with a sigh; "but habits of-"

"O, but I'm not talking of habits," interrupted lady Catherine. "I'll make him alter his habits. We shall soon turn him into what you like; he's very quick; and you must not expect every young man to be just cut out upon the pattern of our dear Henry. I don't want to trouble you to alter his habits, or to teach him chemistry, or any of those things. But you can, you know, without all that, do him an essential service."

" How?" said Dr. Campbell.

"Why how? I don't know you this evening,

you are so dry. Ken you not what I mean?—Speak three words for him to your friend the general."

"Your ladyship must excuse me," said Doctor

Campbell.

Lady Catherine was stunned by this distinct refusal. She urged Dr. Campbell to explain the

cause of his dislike to her son.

"There is a poor washerwoman now below stairs," replied Dr. Campbell, "who can explain to you more than I wish to explain; and a story about a horse of Sir Philip Gosling's was told to me, the other day, by one of the baronet's friends, which I should be glad Mr. Archibald Mackenzie could contradict effectually."

"Archibald, come here," said lady Catherine; before the next dance begins, I must speak to you. What is this about a horse of Sir Philip

Gosling's ?"

"Ma'am!" said Archibald, with great astonishment. At this instant one of Dr. Campbell's servants came into the room, and gave two notes to Archibald, which he said two gentlemen just left, and desired him to deliver to Mr. Mackenzie, whilst he was in the ball room, if possible.

"What is it?—What are they, child?" cried lady Catherine. "I will see them." Her ladyship snatched the notes, read, and when she saw that her son, in the grossest terms, was called a coward, for refusing the challenges of two such fashionable men as Sir Philip Gosling and major O'Shannon, all her hopes of him were at an end.

"Our family is disgraced forever!" she exclaimed. And then, perceiving that she had uttered "Vol. I.

this unguarded sentence loud enough of the company to hear, she ende laugh, and fell into violent hysterics. carried out of the ball-room. A wl ran round the room of-"What's with lady Catherine Mackenzie ?"-It unfortunate moment that she was ca for all the dancers had just seated after a brisk country dance; and the the young and old were upon her la she made her exit. A young man, major O'Shannon's who was present, the secret to his partner; she of cou next neighbour. Archibald saw tha tents of the notes were made publi quitted the apartment "to enquire mother did."

The buz of scandal was general for ments; but a new object soon engros tention of the company. "Pray." sa lady who was looping up Flora Campb "who is this gentleman who is just of the room?" Flora looked up and sa dressed stranger entering the room, much the appearance of a gentleman. tainly resembled a person she had see 4 but she could scarcely believe that he not deceive her. Therefore she l replied to the young lady's question. know-I am not sure." But she, an terwards, saw her brother Henry and advance so eagerly to meet the stra her doubts vanished; and as he not his steps towards the spot where she

ng, she corrected her first answer to her companion's question; and said, "Yes, I fancy—it certainly is Mr. Forester." Forester, with an open countenance, slightly tinged with the blush of ingeuious shame, approached her, as if he was ufraid she had not forgotten some things, which he wished to be forgotten; and yet, as if he was ully conscious, that he was not wholly unworthy of her esteem. "Amongst other prejudices of which I have cured myself," said he to Dr. Campbell, "since we parted, I have cured myself of my foolish antipathy to Scotch reels." 'That I can scarcely believe;" said Dr. Campbell, with an incredulous smile.

"I will convince you of it," said Forester, if you will promise to forget all my other fol-

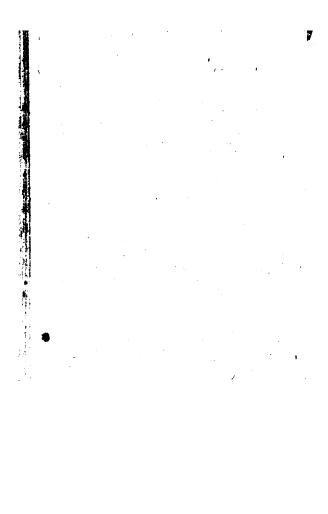
ies."

"All!" said Dr. Campbell. "Convince me irst; and then it will be time enough to make

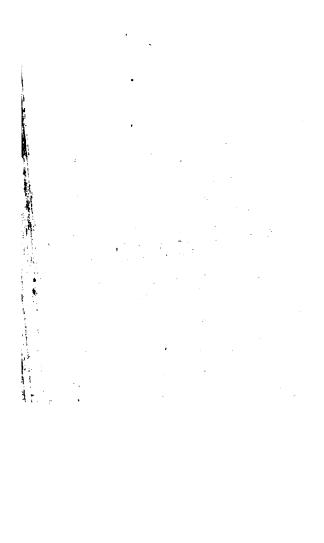
uch a desperate promise."

Flora was rather surprised, when our once ynical hero begged the favour of her hand, and ed her to dance a reel. M. Pasgrave would have been in ecstacy, if he had seen his pupil's performance.

"And now, my dear Forester," said Doctor Campbell, as his ward returned, to claim his promise of a general amnesty, "if you do not turn out a coxcomb, if you do not 'mistake reverse of wrong for right, you will infallibly be a very reat man. Give me a pupil, who can cure himelf of any one foible, and I have hopes of him. What hopes must I have of him, who has cured imself of so many?"



THE PRUSSIAN VASE.



PRUSSIAN VASE.

FREDERICK the Second, king of Prussia, after is conquest of Saxony, transported, it is said*, y force, several manufacturers from Dresden Berlin, where he was very desirous of estashing the manufacture of china. These unortunate people, separated from their friends, heir home, and their native country, were comelled to continue their labours for the profit nd for the glory of their conqueror. Amongst ie number of these sufferers was Sophia Manseld. She was young, handsome, and possessed onsiderable talents. Several pieces of porcein of her design and modelling were shown to 'rederick, when he visited the manufactory at leissen in Saxony; and their taste and worknanship appeared to him so exquisite, that he etermined to transport the artist to his capital. lut from the time of her arrival at Berlin, Sohia Mansfield's genius seemed to forsake her. t was her business, to sketch designs, and to

^{*} Vide Wraxhall's Memoirs of the Court of Berlin.

paint them on the porcelain; but either second not or would not execute these with he former elegance; the figures were awkwar and spiritless, and it was in vain, that the overseer of the works attempted to rouse her to exertion; she would sit for hours with her pencin her hand in a sort of reverie. It was melar choly to see her. The overseer had compassion upon her; but his compassion was not a great as his dread of the king's displeasure: ar he at length declared, that the next time Fredrick visited the works, he must complain of he obstinate idleness.

The monarch was expected in a few days for, in the midst of his various occupations, Fro derick, who was at this time extremely inter upon the establishment of the porcelain mani factory at Berlin, found leisure, frequently, inspect it in person. The king, however, wa prevented from coming at the appointed hour t a review at Potzdam. His majesty had forme the singular project of embodying, and training to the science of arms, the Jews in his domin ions*. They were rather awkward in learning the manual exercise; and the Jewish review though it afforded infinite amusement to the spec tators, put Frederick so much out of humour that, as soon as it was over, he rode to his palac of Sans-Souci, and shut himself up for the re mainder of the morning. The preceding eve ning an English traveller, who had passed som

^{*} Wraxball's Memoirs of the Court of Berlin.

ime at Paris with the count de Lauragais, in tryng experiments upon porcelain clays, and who
had received much instruction on this subject
rom Mr. Wedgewood of Etruria, had been presented to the king, and his majesty had invited
him to be present at a trial of some new processes of importance, which was to be made this mornng at his manufactory. The English traveller,
who was more intent upon his countryman's fame
han upon the martial manœuvres of the Jews,
proceeded, as soon as the review was finished, to
exhibit his English specimens to a party of gendemen, who had appointed to meet him at the
china-works at Berlin.

Of this party was a young man of the name of Augustus Laniska, who was, at this time, scarcely eventeen years old. He was a Pole by birth-Prussian by education. He had been bred up at the military school at Potzdam, and being disinguished by Frederick as a boy of high spirit and capacity, he was early inspired with enthusistic admiration of this monarch. His admiraion, however, was neither blind nor servile. He naw Frederick's faults, as well as his great qualiies; and he often expressed himself with more penness and warmth upon this subject, than pruience could justify. He had conversed, with unusual freedom, about Frederick's character with our English traveller; and whilst he was zealous to display every proof of the king's greatness of mind, he was sometimes forced to acknowledge, that "there are disadvantages in living under the power of a despotic sovereign."

"A despotic sovereign! You will not then

call your Frederick a despot?" whispered English traveller to the young Pole, as they tered the china-works at Berlin.—This is a primising manufactory, no doubt," continued he and Dresden china will, probably, soon be called Berlin china, by which the world in general will certainly be much benefited. But, in the mean time, look around you, and read your monarch's history in the eyes of those prisoners of war,—for such I must call these expatriated manufacturers."

There were, indeed, many countenances, in which great dejection was visible.—"Look at that picture of melancholy," resumed the Englishman, pointing to the figure of Sophia Mansfield—"observe, even now, while the overseer is standing near her, how reluctantly she works! 'Tis the way with all slaves. Our English manufacturers—(I wish you could see them) work in quite another manner—for they are free.—"

"And are free men, or free women, never sick?" said Laniska; "or do you Englishmen blame your king, whenever any of his subjects turn pale?—The woman at whom you are now looking, is evidently ill. I will inquire from the

overseer what is the matter with her."

Laniska then turned to the overseer, and asked him, in German, several questions; to which he received answers, that he did not translate to the English traveller: he was unwilling, that any thing unfavourable to the cause of his sovereign should appear: and, returning to his companion, he changed the conversation. When all the company were occupied round the furnaces, attend-

ing to the Englishman's experiments, Laniska went back to the apartment where Sophia Mansfield was at work.—" My good girl," said he to her, " what is the matter with you? The overseer tells me, that since you came here, you have done nothing that is worth looking at; yet this charming piece (pointing to a bowl of her painting, which had been brought from Saxony) is of your design; is not it?"

"Yes sir," replied Sophia, "I painted it to my sorrow. If the king had never seen or liked it, I should now be——" The recollection of her home, which, at this instant, rushed full upon her mind, overpowered her; and she

paused .--

"You would now be in Saxony," resumed Laniska; "but forget Saxony, and you will be hap-

py at Berlin."

"I cannot forget Saxony, sir," answered the young woman, with modest firmness;—"I cannot forget a father and mother, whom I love, who are old and infirm, and who depended on me for their support; I cannot forget every thing—every body, that I have ever loved. I wish I could."

"Sir," whispered a Prussian workman who stood by—"sir, she has a lover in Saxony, to whom she was just going to be married, when she was carried off from her cottage, and brought

hither."

"Cannot her lover follow her?" said Laniska.

"He is in Berlin, in concealment," replied the workman in a whisper ;—" you won't betray him, I am sure."

"Not I," said Laniska. "I never betray any one; and I never shall—much less the a fortunate. But why is her lover in conceal ment?"

"Because it is the king's pleasure," replied the Prussian. "that she should no longer consider him as her lover. You know, sir, several of these Saxon women have been compelled. since their arrival at Berlin, to marry Prussians. Sophia Mansfield has fallen to the lot of a Prussian soldier, who swears, that if she delays another month to marry him, he will complain to the king of her obstinacy. Our overseer, too, threatens to complain of her idleness. She is ruined, if she go on in this way. We tell her so; but she seems to have lost all sense; for she sits, as she does now, like one stupified half the day, let us say what we will to her. We pity her: but the king knows best: the king must be obeyed."

"Slave!" exclaimed Laniska, bursting into a sudden transport of indignation: "Slave! you are fit to live only under a tyrant.—The king must be obeyed!—What, when his commands are contrary to reason, to justice, to humanity!—Laniska stopped short, but not before the high tone of his voice, and the boldness of the words he uttered, had astonished and dismayed all present; all, except Sophia Mansfield.—Her whole countenance became suddenly illuminated: she started up, rushed forwards, threw herself at the feet of Laniska, and exclaimed—"Save me! You can save me! You have courage! and you are a powerful lord, and you can speak to the king. Save me from this detested marriage!"

The party of gentlemen, who had been in the next chamber, now entered the room, curious to know what had drawn thither such a crowd of workmen. On seeing them enter, Sophia, recollecting herself, rose, and returned to her work quietly, whilst Laniska, much agitated, seized hold of the Englishman's arm, and hurried out of the manufactory.

"You are right, you are right," cried he, "Frederick is a tyrant! But how can I save his

victim?"

"Not by violence, my Augustus, not by violence!" replied a young man of the name of Albert, who followed Laniska, anxious to restrain the impetuosity of his friend's temper, with which he was well acquainted.—" By imprudence," said he, "you will but expose yourself to danger; you will save, you will serve no one."

"Tame prudence will neither save nor serve any one; however, it may prevent it's possessor from exposing himself to danger," retorted Laniska, casting upon Albert a look of contemptuous reproach. "Prudence be your virtue; courage

mine."

" Are they incompatible?" said Albert, calmly.

"I know not," replied Laniska; "but this I know, that I am in no humour to reason that point, or any other, according to all those cursed forms of logic, which, I believe, you love better than any thing else."

"Not better than I love you, as I prove, by allowing you to curse them as much and as often as you think proper," replied Albert, with a

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smile; which could not however force one

his angry friend.

"You are right to practise logic and rheter resumed Laniska, "as much and as often as can, since, in your profession, you are to n your bread by your tongue and your pen. I a soldier, or soon to be a soldier, and have o arms and other feelings."

"I will not dispute the superiority of arms," replied Albert. "I will only beg of to remember, that mine will be at your ser

whenever you want or wish for them."

This temperate and friendly reply enticalmed Laniska. "What would become of gustus Laniska," said he, giving Albert his h "if he had not such a friend as you are? mother may well say this, as she does ten tin day; but now, take it in your sober man what can we do for this poor woman? for so

thing must be done."

After some consideration, Albert and Lan determined to draw up a petition for Sophia, to present it to the king, who was known to ready and minute attention to every applica made to him in writing, even by the meaner his subjects. The petition was presented, an answer anxiously expected. Frederick, wat Potzdam, often honoured the countess Lan with a visit. She was a woman of consider information and literature; acquirements not c mon amongst the Polish or Prussian ladies; the king distinguished the countess by his application, in order to excite some emulation amon his female subjects.—She held a sort of conve

zione at her house, which was frequented by all foreigners of distinction, and especially by some of the French literati, who were at this time at Frederick's court.

One evening, it was a few days after Sophia Mansfeld's petition had been presented; the king was at the countess Laniska's, and the company were conversing upon some literary subject, when Frederick, who had been unusually silent, suddenly turned to the English traveller, who was one of the company, and asked him, whether his countryman, Mr. Wedgewood, had not made a beautiful imitation of the Barberini, or Portland vase.

The Englishman replied, that the imitation was so exquisite, as scarcely to be known, by the best judges, from the original; and he went on with much eagerness, to give a description of the vase, that he might afterward, for the honour of his country, repeat some lines written upon the subject by a great English poet.* Frederick was himself a poet, and a judge of poetry, he listened to the lines with attention, and as soon as the Englishman had finished speaking, he exclaimed, "I will write a description of the Prussian vase myself."

"The Prussian vase," said the English traveller; "I hope I may have the honour of seeing it

before I leave Berlin."

" If you prolong your stay another month, your curiosity will probably be gratified," replied

^{*} Darwin. See his description of the Barberini Vase in the Botanic Garden. We hope our readers will pardon this anachronism.

THE PRUSSIAN VAS

tick. "The Prussian vase is not : but I have this day determined to d. that I know will produce a Prussia e who have the command of motive their power, have also the command the arts, or what is called a genius ! can produce. The human mind, ar in fingers, are much the same in Italy, in d, and in Prussia. Then, why should i we a Prussian as well as a Wedgewood' arberini vase? We shall see. I do not and mon metier de roi, if I cannot call for ents, where I know them to exist. Ther continued the king, fixing his eyes full up niska-" There is, in my porcelain manuf at Berlin, a woman of considerable talents. extremely anxious to return, along with sor ver of her's, to Saxony. Like all other pr of war, she must purchase her liberty fre conqueror; and if she cannot pay her ra gold, let her pay it by her talents. I do premiums to idleness or obstinacy. The be obeyed, whether he knows how to comma let all the world, who are able to judge Frederick, as soon as he had finished th which he pronounced in a peremptor the room; and Laniska's friends, who that the imprudent words he had utter had reached the king's ear, gave the up for lost. To their surprise, he king took no farther notice of what h but received Laniska the next day i with all his usual kindness. Lanish an open generous temper, was to

onduct, and throwing himself at Frederick's feet, re exclaimed——

" My king; forgive me; if in a moment of in-

ignation, I called you a tyrant!"

"My friend, you are yet a child, and I let chilren and fools speak of me as they please," redied Frederick. "When you are an older man, ou will judge more wisely, or at least you will peak with more discretion, within twenty miles of a tyrant's palace." "Here is my answer to our Sophia Mansfeld's petition," added he givng Laniska the paper, which Albert had drawn up; at the bottom of which was written, in the

ing's own hand, these words :-

'I will permit the artist, who shall produce before this day month the most beautiful vase of Berlin china, to marry, or not to marry, whoever he or she shall think proper, and to return to Saxony with all imaginable expedition. If the successful artist choose to remain at Berlin, I will add a reward of 500 crowns. The artist's name shall be inscribed on the vase, which shall be called the Prussian vase.' No sooner had Sophia Mansfeld heard these words, than she seemed animated with new life and energy. She was ikely to have many competitors; for the moment he king's intentions were made known in the nanufactory, all hands and heads were at work. Some were excited by the hope of regaining their iberty, others stimulated by the mention of 500 crowns, and some were fired with ambition to have heir name inscribed on The Prussian Vase. But none had so strong a motive for exertion as Sophia. She was indefatigable. The competitors consulted the persons whom they believed to have the best taste in Berlin and Potzdam. Sophia's designs were shown, as soon as they were sketched to the countess Laniska, whose advice was of material use to her. At length the day, which was to decide her fate, arrived.—The vases were all ranged by the king's order, in his gallery of paintings, at Sans-Souci; and in the evening, when Frederick had finished the business of the day, he went thither to examine them. Laniska and some others were permitted to accompany him: no one spoke, whilst Frederick was comparing the works of the different competitors.

"Let this be the Prussian Vase," said the " It was Sophia Mansfeld's." just stayed to show her name, which was written underneath the foot of the vase, and then he hurried away, to communicate the happy news to Sophia, who was waiting, with her lover, at the house of the countess Laniska in Potzdam, impa-She heard it with inextient to hear her fate. pressible joy; and Laniska's generous heart sympathised in her happiness. It was settled, that she should the next morning be married to her lover, and return with him to her father and mother in Saxony. The happy couple were just taking leave of the young count and his mother. when they were alarmed by the sound of many voices on the great staircase. Some persons seemed to be disputing with the countess's servants for admittance. Laniska went out to inquire into the cause of the disturbance. The hall was filled with soldiers.

" Are you the young count Laniska?" said an

officer to him, the moment he appeared.
"I am the young count Laniska," replied he, in a firm tone. "What do you want with me? and why this disturbance in my mother's house at this unseasonable hour?"

" We come here by the king's orders," replied the soldier. "Is there not in this house a wo-

man of the name of Sophia Mansfeld?"

"Yes," replied Laniska: "what do you want with her?"

"She must come with us; and you are our pri-

soner, count," replied the soldier.

It was in vain to ask for further explanation. The soldiers could give none: they knew nothing, but that their orders were to convey Sophia Mansfeld immediately to Meissen in Saxony, and to lodge count Laniska in the castle of Spandau—a

state prison.

"I must know my crime, before I submit to punishment," cried Laniska, in a passionate voice; but he restrained the natural violence of his temper, on seeing his mother appear; and at her request, yielded himself up a prisoner without resistance, and without murmur.-" I depend on your innocence, my son, and on the justice of the king," said the countess; and she took leave of him without shedding a tear. The next day, even before the king arrived at Potzdam, she went to the palace, determined to wait there till she could see him, that she might hear from his own lips the cause of her son's imprisonment. She waited a considerable time, for, without alighting from horseback, Frederick proceeded to the parade,

where he was occupied for some hours; at Length he alighted, and the first person he saw, On extering his palace, was the countess Laniska.

"I am willing to believe, madam," said he that you have no share in your son's folly arad

ingratitude."

"My son is, I hope, incapable of ingratitude, sir," answered the countess, with an air of placid dignity. "I am well aware, that he may have been guilty of great imprudence."

"At six o'clock this evening let me see you, madam," replied the king, "at Sans Souci, in the gallery of paintings, and you shall know of what

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your son is accused."

At the appointed hour she was in the gallery of paintings at Sans Souci. No one was there: she waited, quietly, for some time, then walked up and down the gallery with extreme impatience and agitation; at last she heard the king's voice and his step: the door opened, and Frederick appeared. It was an awful moment to the mother of Laniska. She stood in silent expectation.

"I see, madam," said the king, after fixing his penetrating eye for some moments on her countenance; "I see that you are, as I believed you to be, wholly ignorant of your son's folly." As he spoke, Frederick put his hand upon the vase, made by Sophia Mansfeld, which was placed on a small stand in the middle of the gallery. The countess, absorbed by her own reflections, had not noticed it.

"You have seen this vase before," said the;

"And they are written by his own hand," said

the king.

"They are.—The poor Saxon woman, who draws so admirably, cannot write; and my son wrote the inscription for her."

"The lines are in a high strain of panegyric," said the king; and he laid a severe emphasis on

the word panegyric.

"Whatever may be my son's faults," said the countess, "your majesty cannot suspect him of being a base flatterer.—Scarcely a month has elapsed, since his unguarded openness exposed him to your displeasure. Your majesty's magnanimity, in pardoning his imprudent expressions, convinced him, at once of his error in having used them; and in the fit of enthusiasm, with which your kindness upon that occasion inspired him, he, who is by no means a poet by profession, composed the two lines of panegyric, which seem to have given your majesty offence; but which I should never have conceived could be the cause of his imprisonment."

"You plead like a mother, madam," said the king; "but you reason, not as you usually do, like a woman. Have I ever said, that your son was imprisoned for having written two lines of flattery? No, madam; I know how to smile both at flattery and satire when they are undisguised: but there is a degree of baseness, which I cannot so easily pardon. Be patient, madam; I will lis-

ten to all you can say in your son's defenc when you have read this inscription. But before you read it, understand, that I was upon the poi of sending this vase to Paris. I had actually si en orders to the man who was packing up the en orders to the man who was packing of case (pointing to a half packed case of porcelai to put up the Prussian Vase as a present for Parisian bel esprit of your acquaintance. man showed me the inscription at the bottom the vase. I read the flattering lines with ple ure, and thought them, as people usually the flattering lines made on themselves—excel I was even fool enough immediately to con how I could reward the author, when my f the packer, interrupted the course of my tho by observing with some exclamations of ast ment, that the blue colour of the vase came one spot, where he had been rubbing it. ed, and saw that part of the inscription at the tom of the vase had been covered over wi paint. At first sight, I had read the words the character of Frederick the Great; blue paint had concealed the next word, now, madam, sufficiently legible.—The which the king pointed, was tyrant. T tering lines, madam, you comprehend, w ten-" On the character of Frederick tyrant."

"I shall spare you, madam, all the I have made on this occasion. I shall not punish the innocent mother lies of her son. I shall be at your he with the rest of your friends, on Tuesda The unhappy mother of Lanisks he presence of the king, without attemptv reply. Her son's conduct admitted, she ht, of no apology, if it were really true, e had written the words, to which his name gned. Of this she doubted; but her contion was at first so great, that she had not wer to think. A general belief remained mind of her son's innocence: but then a er of his imprudent words and actions came her memory: the inscription was apparn his own hand-writing. The conversation, had passed in the porcelain manufactory rlin, corroborated the idea expressed in the ption. The countess, on her return home, d the circumstances, with as much compois she could, to Albert, who was waiting to he result of her interview with the king. t heard her relation with astonishment: he not believe in his friend's guilt, though he eans of proving his innocence. He did not. ver, waste his time in idle conjectures, or idle lamentations; he went immediately to an, who was employed to pack up the vase; ifter questioning him with great care, he o Berlin to the porcelain manufactory, and ed, whether any persons were present, Laniska wrote the inscription for Sophia eld. After Albert had collected all the nation that could be obtained, his persuasion iiska's innocence was confirmed.

Tuesday Frederick had promised to come countess's conversazione. The company, ous to his majesty's arrival, were all assemound the sofa, on which she was seated, and

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were eagerly talking over Laniska's What a blessing it is," cried the veller, "to live in a country, where be imprisoned, without knowing of v accused! What a blessing it is, to live government, where no man can be con without a trial, which must be carried on. day, in the face of his country, his peers, equals !" The Englishman was in the mi warm eulogium upon the British mode of jury, when Frederick entered the room, a his custom, without being announced; company were so intently listening to our tr they did not preceive that the king was his auditors. "Would to Heaven!" cr countess Laniska, when the Englishman -"Would to Heaven, my son could ha advantage of such a trial!"

"And would to Heaven," exclaimed,

"that I might plead his cause!"

"On one condition," said Frederich the sound of his voice, every one start one condition, young man, your pray granted. You shall plead your frie upon condition, that, if you do not call judges of his innocence, you shall shall ishment. His punishment will be month's imprisonment in the castle and yours the same, if you fail to excause and his. Next to the folly of dent ourselves, that of choosing implies the most dangerous. Laniska shall bis equals; and since twelve is the

monic, divine number, for which justice has a blind predilection, let him have twelve judges, and call them, if you please, a jury. But I will name my counsel, and you counsel for Laniska. You know the conditions; do you accept of them?"

"Willingly, sire!" cried Albert, joyfully! "You will permit me to have access to the pris-

oner in the castle of Spandau?"

"That is a new condition; but I grant it.— The governor shall have orders, to admit you to see and converse with his prisoner for two hours; but, if after that conversation your opinion of your friend should change, you will not blame me,

if I hold you to your word."

Albert declared, that he desired no more; and the countess Laniska, and all who were present, joined in praising Frederick's clemency, and Albert's generosity. The imprisonment of Laniska had been much talked of, not only in public companies at Potzdam, and at Berlin; but what affected Frederick much more nearly, it had become the subject of conversation amongst the literati. in his own place at Sans-Souci. An English traveller, of some reputation in the literary world, also knew the circumstances, and was interested in the fate of the young count. Frederick seems to have had a strong desire, to be represented in an amiable point of view by writers, who he believed would transmit his fame to posterity.-Careless of what might be said of him, he was anxious, that nothing should be printed derogatory to his reputation. Whether the desire to give to foreigners a striking proof of his magnani-Vor. I.

mity, or whether his regard for the youn and his friendship for his mother, were tives in granting to Laniska this trial b cannot, and need not be determined. Uvirtue is not to be expected from king than from common men.

After his visit to the prisoner, in the c Spandau, Albert felt no inclination to rece the agreement, into which he had enter Laniska was much alarmed, when he was what had passed.—"Oh! my generous i exclaimed the young count, "why did you of the conditions offered to you by the You may, I am sure you do, believe in m cence, but you will never be able to prov You will soon be involved in my disgrace.

"I shall think it no disgrace," replied to be the fellow-prisoner of an innocent Do not you remember, as we were refrom Berlin, after your unlucky visit to to celain manufactory, I promised you, that ever you should be in want of my weaper should be at your service? I little thou would so soon be in want of them. Farewelf for their success."

On the day appointed for the trial of I crowds of people of all ranks flocked to I proceedings. A spacious building in P intended for a barrack, was, upon this o converted into a hall of justice; a ten gallery was erected for the accommodatio audience, and a platform was raised in the of the hall, where the judge's chair was on the right hand of his chair, a space was

in for the reception of the twelve young gentlemen, who were to act as jurors; on the left, another space was railed in for spectators. In the front, there was a large table, on each side of which were benches for the counsel and witnesses. Those for the crown on the right hand; those for the prisoner on the left. Every thing had, by the king's orders, been prepared in this manner, according to the English custom.

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The countess Laniska now entered the court. with a few friends, who had not yet forsaken her. They took their seats at the lower end of the gallery; and as every eye turned upon the mother, who waited to hear the trial of her son, an awful silence prevailed. This lasted but for a few moments; it was succeeded by a general whispering amongst the crowd, both in the hall, and in the gallery. Each individual gave his opinion concerning the event of the trial; some declared, that the circumstances, which must appear against Laniska, were so strong, that it was madness in Albert to undertake his defence; others expressed great admiration of Albert's intrepid confidence in himself, and his friend.-Many studied the countenance of the king, to discover what his wishes might be; and a thousand idle conjectures were formed from his most insignificant movements.

At length, the temporary judge having taken his seat, twelve young gentlemen were chosen, from the most respectable families in Potzdam, to act as jurors. The prisoner was summoned to answer to the charges brought against him, in the name of Frederick the second. King of Prus-

sia. Laniska appeared, guarded by two officers he walked up to the steps of the platform wit an air of dignity, which seemed expressive conscious innocence : but his countenance be trayed involuntary marks of emotion, too stron for him to command, when, on raising his eyes, h beheld his friend Albert, who stood full in h view. Albert maintained an immoveable comp sure of countenance. The prisoner was no asked, whether he had any objections to make any of the twelve persons, who had been selecte to judge his cause; he made none. They pro ceeded to take an oath, 'that in their decision 'they would suffer no motives to influence then but a sense of truth and justice.' The jude then rose, and addressing himself to the jury, sai

'Gentlemen, 'You are here by the king's order, to for ' your opinions concerning the guilt or innocent of the prisoner, commonly known by the nan of count Augustus Laniska. You will learn the nature and circumstances of the accusation against him from Mr. Warendorff, the gentle man on my right hand, who, in this cause, h the honour of being counsel for his majesty.-' You will hear from the gentleman on my les Albert Altenburg, all that can be said in defend of the prisoner, for whom he voluntarily offe · himself as counsel. After having listened to the ' arguments that may be adduced, and to the wi 'nesses that shall be examined on each side, yo ' are, gentlemen, according to the tenor of the oath which has just been administered to you, decide, without regard to any consideration b

* truth and justice. Your opinion is to be deliv-• ered to me by the eldest amongst you, and it is to be expressed in one or other of these phrases.

· guilty or not guilty. When I shall have heard your decision, I am, in his majesty's name, to pronounce sentence * accordingly. If the prisoner be judged by you * not guilty, I am to announce to him, that he is * thenceforward at liberty, and that no stain affixes to his honour from the accusation that has been 4 preferred against him; or from his late imprisonment, or from this public trial. If, on the contrary, your judgment shall be that the prisoner is guilty, I am to remand him to the castle of Spandau, where he is to remain confined for * twelve months from this day. To the same of punishment I am also to condemn Albert Altenburg, if he fail to establish in your minds the innocence of the count Laniska. It is upon this - condition, that he is permitted to plead the cause of his friend.

'Gentlemen, you are called upon to give im-' partial attention in this cause, by your duty to

' your king, and to your country.'

As soon as the judge, after making this short address to the jury, had seated himself, Mr. Warendorff, counsel for the crown, rose, and spoke in the following manner:

' My lord, and gentlemen of the jury,

'It is with inexpressible concern, that I find · myself called upon to plead in this cause. be the accuser of any man is an invidious task: to be the accuser of such a man, as I once thought, as you, perhaps, still think, the young

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count Laniska, must to a person of generous feelings, be in a high degree difficult and distressing. I do not pretend to more generosity; or delicacy of sentiment, than others; but I beg ' any of you, gentlemen, to imagine yourselves for ' a moment in my place, and conceive what must be my sensations as a man, and as an advocate. ' am not ignorant how popular the name of Augustus Laniska is both in Berlin and Potzdam; I am ' not ignorant, that the young count has been in the habit of living amongst you, gentlemen, on ' terms of familiarity, friendship and confidence; ' nor can I doubt, that the graceful manner, and open deportment, for which he is so eminently ' distinguished, must have strongly prepossessed ' you in his favour. I am not ignorant, that I ' have to plead against him before his friends, in 'the presence of his mother. A mother respect-' ed even in a higher degree than her son is be-' loved : respected for her feminine virtues : for ' her more than feminine endowments: who, had ' she no other claim upon your hearts, must, by the unfortunate situation in which she now ap-' pears, command your sympathy.

'You must all of you feel, likewise, strongly prepossessed in favour of that noble-minded youth, who has undertaken to defend the prisoner's cause, at the hazard of sharing his punishment. I respect the general character of Albert Altenburg; I admire his abilities; I applaud him for standing forward in defence of his friend; I pity him, because he has a friend, for whom I fear even he will find it impossible, to establish any plausible defence. But the idea

that he is acting handsomely, and that he has

the sympathy of numbers in his favour, will,

doubtless, support the young advocate in his ar-

duous task. He appears in this court in an inte-

resting character, as counsel, disinterested counsel, for his friend. Gentlemen, I also appear in this court as counsel, disinterested counsel, for a friend. Yes, egentlemen, I am permitted to call Frederick the · Great my friend. He is not, as other great · monarchs have been, ambitious to raise himself · above the sphere of humanity; he does not desire, to be addressed in the fulsome strains either of courtly or of poetical adulation; he wishes · not to be worshipped as a god, but to be respected as a man.* It is his desire to have friends, that shall be faithful, or subjects, that shall be obedient. Happy his obedient subjects, they are secure of his protection; happy, thrice hapop, his faithful friends, they are honoured with his favour and his confidence. It was in the • power of the prisoner now before you, to have been in this enviable class. You, all of you 'know, that the countess Laniska, his mother has for years been honoured by the friendship of her sovereign; even the conduct of her son has not been able to shake his confidence in her. ' Pole by birth, Augustus Laniska was educated amongst the first of the Prussian nobility at the ' military academy at Potzdam; that nursery of heroes. From such an education, from the son of such a mother, honourable sentiments, and

^{*} Æschylus.

honourable conduct, were to be expected. Most confidently were they expected by his king, who distinguished the young count, as you all know, even in his boyish days. The count is said, to be of a temper naturally impetuous; the errors, into which such a temper too publicly betrayed him, were pardoned by the indulgence of his king. I am compelled, to recall one recent instance of the truth of these assertions, as it is intimately connected with the present cause.'

Here Mr. Warendorff related all that had passed at the porcelain manufactory at Berlin, and the king's subsequent conduct towards count Laniska. On the magnanimity of his majesty the eloquent counsel expatiated for a considerable time; but the applauses, with which this part of his oration was received by a party in the gallery, who were seated near the king, were so loud as almost to drown the voice of the orator, and effectually to distract the attention of those employed to take down his words. When he could again be heard distinctly, he resumed as follows:

heard distinctly, he resumed as follows:

I am not surprised at these testimonies of admiration, which burst from the warm hearts of his majesty's subjects: I am only surprised, that a heart could be found in his dominions, on whom such magnanimity could make no impression. I am shocked, I am grieved, when I find such a heart in the person of count Laniska. Can it be believed, that in the course of one short month after this generous pardon, that young noble-

'man proved himself the basest of traitors: a trai-

· tor to the king, who was his friend and benefac-' tor? Daring no longer openly to attack, he atf tempted secretly to wound the fame of his sovereign. You all of you know what a degree of hberty, even of licence, Frederick the Great permits to that species of satirical wit, with which the populace delight to ridicule their ru-· lers. At this instant there are various anonymous pasquinades on the garden gates at Sans-Souci, which would have provoked the resent-· ment, the fatal resentment, of any other monarch upon earth. It cannot be doubted, that the au-• thors of these things could easily be discovered, if the king condescended to make any inquiries concerning them: it cannot be doubted, that the king has power to punish the offenders; yet they remain untouched, perhaps unknown. Our sovereign is not capable of feeling the petty emotions of vulgar spleen or resentment; but • he could not be insensible to the treacherous in-* gratitude of one whom he imagined to have been · attached to him by every tie of kindness and of duty. That the count Laniska should choose the instant, when the king was showing him ' unusual favour, to make that favour an instru-• ment of his base malice, is scarcely credible. · Yet, Prussians, incredible as it sounds to us, it is Here are my proofs; here are my witfrue. nesses.

Mr. Warendorff, at this instant, uncovered the Prussian Vase, and then pointed to a Jew and to the master of the porcelain manufactory, who stood beside him ready to give their evidence. We omit that part of Mr. Warendorff's speech

which contained the facts, that have been The Prussian Vase was hander jury: the verses in praise of Frederick th were read, and the word tyrant was see ward with the utmost surprise. In the the general indignation, Mr. Warendor upon the Jew, to come foreward and give This Jew was an old man, and th something remarkable in his looks. His h still; his neck was stiff, but his eyes mov incessant celerity from side to side, and he uneasy at not being able to see what was behind him : there was a certain firmner attitude: but his voice trembled when he ed to speak. All these circumstances pr sed Laniska's friends against the Jew: the he appeared; and it was justly observed. having the misfortune to be a Jew was a to prejudice many of the populace again even before a word he uttered had reach ears; but impartial spectators judged, poor man was only terrified at being call to speak in so large an assembly. Solor that was the name of the Jew, after having an oath upon the Talmad, that he woul nothing but the truth, made the following to the questions put to him by Mr. Wai

Mr. Warendorff-- Did you ever see to before?

Solomon .- 'Yes.'

Mr. Warendorff.—' Where? when?—
'you know about it to the gentlemen of th
Solomon.—' The first time I saw that in the gallery of paintings, at the king'

of Sans-Souci; in the best of my recollection, it

was on the night of the first day of this month.

about ten o'clock, or, perhaps, it might be elev-

'en: I wish to be exact; but I cannot be certain

* as to the hour precisely.'

Mr. Warendorff.- 'The exact hour is immaterial: proceed. Tell us how you came to see this vase? Take your time to speak. We are ' in no hurry: the truth will appear sooner or ' later.'

Solomon.—'His majesty himself put the vase into my hands, and commanded me to pack it up with some other china, which he was going to send as a present to a gentleman at Paris. I am something of a judge of china myself, being used to selling small pieces of it up and down the town and country. So I was struck with the ' first sight of this beautiful vase; I looked at it ve ' ry carefully; and wiped away, with my handkerchief, the dust which had settled on the white figures; here is the very handkerchief. I wiped, ' the vase all over; but when I came to rub the bottom, I stopped to read the verses on the character of Fredrick the great, and having read these. I rubbed the white letters quite clean: the ground on which they were written was blue. I found that some of the blue colour came off upon my handerkerchief, which surprised me 'a good deal. Upon examining further, I perceived, that the colour came off only in one spot, of about an inch long, and half an inch broad. 'The king was at this time standing with his back to me, looking at a new picture, which ' had just been hung up in the gallery, but hear-

ing me make an exclamation, 'Father Abraham 'I believe it was that I said; his majesty turns ' round, What is the matter with you, Solomor you look wonderous wise," his majesty was plea ed to say .- "Why do you call on Father Abr ham at this time of day? Do you expect that l ' will help you to pack up that china? Hey, So 'omon, my friend?' I had no power to answ this question, for by this time, to my utter a * tonishment, I had discovered, that, on the sp 'where I had rubbed off the blue paint, the was a word written; the word was tyrant. the character of Fredrick the great tyrant, sa I to myself, what can this mean? The ki ' snatched the vase from my hands, read what ' had read, saw the paint which had been rubb off upon my handkerchief, and, without sayi one word, left the gallery. This is all I kno ' about the matter."

The Jew bowed to the court, and Mr. Ware dorff told him, that having closed his evidenc he might depart. But Albert rose to desire, the judge would order him to remain in court, as purposed to examine, or, according to the En lish term, cross examine him further at a proptime. The judge ordered the Jew to remain court. The next witness called on the part the crown was the master of the porcelain maufactory of Berlin; to whom Mr. Warendorff p the following questions:

Q.—'Have you seen the verses, which a

inscribed on the foot of this vase?

Answer .- 'Yes; I have.'

Q.—' Do you recollect what words are written over the verses?'

Answer.—' I do. The words are—On the character of Frederick the Great Tyrant.'

Q. 'Do you know by whom those words and these verses were written?'

Answer.—'I believe, that they were written by count Augustus Laniska.'

Q.—' How do you know? or, why do you be-' lieve it?' Answer.- 'I was present when Sophia Mansfeld, the woman by whom the Prussian vase was ' designed, told the count, that she did not know ' how to write, and that she would be obliged to ' him, if he would write the inscription himself on the vase. The vase at this time had not been put into the furnace. It was in what we · call biscuit. The count Laniska took a proper tool, and said, that he would write the inscrip-· tion, as she desired. I saw him writing on the bottom of the vase for some minutes. him afterward call to one of the workmen, and desire, that he would put the vase into the furf nace. The workman accordingly carried it into

the next room to the furnace, as I believe.'
 Q.—' Did you see the inscription on the vase
 after it was taken out of the furnace? and was

* after it was taken out of the furnace? and was the word tyrant then on it?

* Answer.— I did not see the vase immediately upon it's being taken out of the furnace; but I saw it about an hour afterward. At that time, I read the inscription; the word tyrant was not

then visible on the vase: the place where it
 now appears was blue. I carried it myself, along
 Vot. I.

* with some others, to the king's palace at SansSouci. The night of the first day of this month
his majesty sent for me, and showed me the
word tyrant on the vase: I had never seen it
there till then. It could not have been written
after the china was baked: it must have been
written whilst the biscuit was soft; and it must
have been covered over with the blue paint,

after the vase was taken out of the furnace. I
believe the word was written by count Laniska,

because I saw no one else write upon the vase but him; because the word exactly resembles

the hand-writing of the rest of the inscription;

'and because I, upon a former occasion, heard
'the count make use of that very word in speak-

' ing of Frederick the Great.

Here the master of the porcelain manufactory finished speaking, and was going, with Mr. Warenderst's permission, to retire; but Albert signified his intention to cross-examine him also, and the judge commanded that he should remain in court. The next two witnesses, who were produced and examined, were the workman who carried the vase to the furnace, and the man whose business it was to put the biscuit into the Neither of these witnesses could write The workman deposed, that he carried the Prussian Vase, as he was desired, to the furnace; that no one touched it on the way thither. The man, whose business it was to put the biscuit into the furnace, swore that he put it along with several other vases into the furnace: that he attended the fire, and that no one touched any of them, till they were baked and taken out

by him. Here the evidence for the prosecution closed. Mr. Warendorff observed, that he should forbear to expatiate further upon the conduct of the prisoner; that he had been ordered by his sovereign to speak of him with all possible moderation; that he earnestly hoped the defence, that should be made for count Laniska, might be satisfactory, and that the mode of trial, which had been granted to him by the king, was a sufficient proof of the clemency of his majesty, and of his earnest desire, to allow the prisoner every possible means of re-establishing his character in the eyes of the public. Albert now rose. The count Laniska, who had appeared unmoved during Mr. Warendorff's oration, changed countenance the moment Albert rose in his defence: the countess Laniska leaned forward over the rails of the gallery in breathless anxiety; there was no sound heard in the whole gallery, except the jingling of the chain of the king's sword, with which he was playing.

'I shall not attempt, gentlemen,' said Albert,
'to move your sympathy by a pathetic description
'of my own feelings as a man, and as an advocate.
'Whatever mine may be, it is my wish, and my
'duty, to repress them. I have need of that calm
'possession of my understanding, which will be
'necessary to convince yours of the innocence
of my friend. To convince is my object. If it
'were in my power, I should, upon the present
'occasion, disdain to persuade. I should think
'it equally incompatible with my own honour,
'and that of the count Laniska: With these sen'timents, I refrain, Prussians, from all eulogium

upon the magnanimity of your king. Praises from a traitor, or from the advocate of a traitor, * must be unworthy of a great monarch, or of a generous people. If the prisoner before you shall be proved to be no traitor, he will, doubtless, have opportunities of expressing by actions, better than I can by words, his gratitude to his sovereign, for having allowed him this ! public trial by his equals; men who are able to discern, and to assert the truth. Whether the 'counsel, for this prosecution, has complied ' strictly with the orders, which he received from the king, to speak of the count Laniska with all ' possible moderation, I shall not here stop to ' decide, confident as I am, that those, who are to judge this cause, cannot be influenced by ' mere idle declamation: but that they will form their decision upon evidence. It cannot have escaped their observation, that no positive evidence whatever has yet been produced against ' the prisoner. No one has been heard to swear. that he saw count Laniska write the word tyrant ' upon this vase. The first witness, Solomon the 'Jew, has informed us of what our own senses could not leave us room to doubt, that the word ' is actually engraved upon the porcelain: ther he has told us, that it was covered over with blue paint, which he rubbed off with his ' handkerchief. All which may be true; but the wisdom of Solomon, united to that of baron 'Warendorff, has failed to point out to us any certain connexion between this blue paint, this handkerchief, and the supposed guilt of the count Laniska. The master of the porcelain manufactory came next, and I apprehended,
 that, as being a more respectable witness than the jew, it was reserved for him, to supply this Ink in the chain of evidence. But this respectable witness simply swore, that he heard a woman say, she could not write or read; that she asked count Laniska, to write an inscription up-on a wase for her; that in consequence of this request, the count wrote something upon the ' vase, he does not pretend to know what; but he believes that the word tyrant must have been one of the words then written by the count, be-' cause he saw no one else write on the vase : be-* cause the hand-writing of that word resembles the rest of the inscription, and because the count in his hearing had, upon a former occasion, made use of the same expression in speaking of the king. I recapitulate this evidence, to show that it is in no part positive; that it all rests upon circumstances. In order to demonstrances. * strate to you, that the word in question could ont have been written by any person but Lanis-ka, two witnesses are produced; the workman who carried the vase to the furnace, and he who put it into the fire. The one has positive-' ly sworn, that no person touched the vase on • the way to the furnace. The other as positiveby swears, that no one meddled with the vase after it was put into the furnace. It is granted, • that the word could not have been engraved after the biscuit was baked. The witness. however, has not sworn, or asserted, that there was on interval of time between his receiving the ' vase, and his putting it into the fire. What became of it during this interval? how long did it last? Will the witness swear, that no one touch ed it during this interval?—These are questions, which I shall put to him presently. I an not afraid, to let him have this notice of my in tions, because I have too much confidence it his integrity, to suspect, that he will prepare himself with evasive answers, and too high ar opinion of your penetration to suppose, that you could be the dupes of equivocation. I hope have established my first assertion, that you have no positive evidence of the prisoner's guilt.'

' guilt.' 'You well know, gentlemen, that where positive evidence, of any supposed fact, cannot be produced, our judgments must be decided by the balance of probabilities; and it is for this reason that the study of probabilities, and the power of comparing them, has, in a late celebrated Essay, the Science of Judges.* To you, judges of 'my friend, all the probabilities of his supposed guilt have been stated. Weigh and compare them with those, which I shall produce in favour of his innocence. His education, his character, his understanding, are all in his favour. The count Laniska must be much below the common standard of human virtue and capacity, ' if, without any assignable motive, he could have committed an action, at once so base and so absurd, as this of which he is accused. His tem-' per is naturally or habitually open and impetu-

^{*}Voltaire—Essai sur les probabilities on fait de Jus-

ous, even to extreme imprudence. An instance of this imprudence, and the manner in which it was pardoned by the king has been stated to vou. Is it probable that the same man should be both ingenuous and mean? Is it probable, that the generosity with which he was treated, made ono impression on his heart? His heart must, upon this supposition, be selfish and unfeeling. Look up, gentlemen, toward that gallery! look at that anxious mother! those eager friends!-Could Laniska's fate excite such anxiety, if he were selfish and unfeeling? Impossible!-But suppose him destitute of every generous sentiment, you cannot imagine count Laniska to be 'a fool. You have been lately reminded, that he was early distinguished for his abilities by a monarch whose penetration we cannot doubt. . He was high in the favour of his sovereign, just entering upon life—a military life; his hopes of distinction resting entirely upon the good opinion of his general and his king; all these fair expectations he sacrifices, for what? for the · pleasure—but it could be no pleasure—for the folly of writing a single word. Unless the count Laniska be supposed, to have been possessed with an insane desire of writing the word ty-' rant, how can we account for his writing it upon this vase? Did he wish to convey to France the idea, that Frederick the Great is a tyrant? ' A man of common sense could surely have found ' safer means of doing so, than by engraving it as his opinion upon the Prussian Vase, which he knew was to pass through the hands of the sovereign, whom he purposed thus treacherously to insult. The extreme improbability that ' any man in the situation, which the character, habits, and capacity of count Laniska, should have acted in this manner, amounts, in my judgment, almost to a moral impossibility. on nothing more, gentlemen, of this cause, when I first offered to defend Laniska at the hazard of my liberty: it was not merely from the enthusiasm of friendship, that I made this offer; it was from the sober conviction of my understanding,

founded upon the accurate calculation of moral

probabilities.

' It has been my good fortune, gentlemen, in the course of the inquiries, which I have since made, to obtain further confirmation of my opinion. Without attempting any of that species of oratory, which may be necessary to cover falsehood, but which would encumber instead of

adorning truth, I shall now, in the simplest manoner in my power, lay the evidence before the

court.

The first witness Albert called was the workman, who carried the vase to the man at the furnace. Upon his cross-examination, he said, that he did not deliver the vase into the hands of the man at the furnace, but that he put it along with several other pieces upon a tray, on a table which stood near the furnace.

Albert .- You are certain that you put it upon a trav?

Witness .- Quite certain.

Albert.-What reason have you for remembering that circumstance particularly?

Witness.—I remember it, because I at first set

this vase upon the ledge of the tray, and it was nearly falling. I was frightened at that accident, which makes me particularly remember the thing. I made room upon the tray for the vase, and left it quite safe upon the tray; I am positive of that.

Albert.—That is all I want with you, my good friend.

The next witness called was the man whose business it was to put the vases into the furnace.

Albert.—Did you see the witness, who was last examined, put this vase upon a tray, when he left it under your care?

Witness .- I did.

Albert.—You are certain that he put it upon the tray? What reason have you to remember

that circumstance particularly?

Witness.—I remember it, because I heard the witness cry out—" There, William, I had like to have thrown down this cursed vase; but, look you here, I've left it quite safe upon the tray." Upon this I turned and looked, and saw that vase standing upon the tray, safe, with some others.

Albert .- Do you recollect any thing else that

passed?

Witness.—Only that the witness told me, I must put it, the vase I mean, into the furnace directly; and I answered to that,—" All in good time, the furnace is not ready yet; it will go in along with the rest."

Albert.—Then you did not put it into the furnace immediately after it was left with you?

Witness .- No, I did not; but that was not my

fault. I could not; the furnace was not het

enough.

Albert.—How long do you think it was, from the time it was left upon the tray, till you put it into the furnace?

Witness.—I don't know. I can't be positive; it might be a quarter of an hour, or twenty minutes; or it might be half an hour. I cannot be

positive, sir-I cannot be positive.

Albert.—You need not be positive. No body wants you to be positive. No body wants to entrap you, my good friend.—During this quarter of an hour, or twenty minutes, or half an hour, that you speak of, did you ever lose sight of this wase?

Witness.—To be sure I did. I did not stand watching it all the while. Why should I? It was safe enough.

Albert.—Do you recollect where you found the vase, when you took it to put it into the furnace?

Witness.—Yes; it was standing as it might be bere, in the middle of the table,

Albert .- Dowou recollect, whether it was stand-

ing upon the tray or not?

Witness.—It was not upon the tray, as I recollect: no: I am sure it was not, for I carried to the furnace first the tray, and all that was on it, and then, I remember, I came back for this, which was standing, as I said before, as it might be here, in the middle of the table

Albert.—Was any body, except yourself, at the furnace, or in the room, from the time that this vase was brought to you till you put it into the

furnace?

Witness.—Not as I remember. It was our dinner time. All the men except myself, were gone to dinner: I stayed to mind the furnace.

Albert .- It was you then, that took this vase off

the tray-Was it?

Witness.—No; it was not: I never took it off the tray. I told you, it was not upon the tray with the others; I told you, it was upon the table, as

it might be here.

Albert.—Yes, when you were going to put it into the furnace, you said, that you saw it standing in the middle of the table: but you recollect, that you saw the workman, who brought it, put it upon the tray. You told us, you remembered that circumstance perfectly?

Witness.—Yes; so I do.

Albert.—The vase could not have got off the tray of itself. You did not take it off. How came

it off, do you think ?

Witness.—I don't know. I can't tell; somebody, to be sure, must have taken it off. I was minding the furnace. My back was to the door: I don't recollect seeing any body some in; but many might have come in and out, without my heeding them.

Albert.—Take your own time, my good friend. Recollect yourself; perhaps you may remember,

Witness.—O yes, now you put me upon recollecting, I do remember, that Solomon the Jew came in, and asked me where Sophia Mansfeld was; and it certainly must have been he, who took the vase off the tray; for now I recollect, as I looked round once from the furnace, I saw him with it in his hand; he was looking at the bottom of it, as I

remember he said, here are some fine vers some such thing; but I was minding the fu That's all I know about the matter.

Albert .- That is enough.

The next witness who came forward, wa husband of Sophia Mansfeld.—He deposed on the 29th of April, the day on which the sian vase was finished, as stated by the form idence, and sent to be put into the furnace, I Sophia Mansfeld in the street; she was home to dinner; he asked to see the vase said, that it was, she believed, put into th nace, and that he could not then see it: the was sorry he had not come sooner, for the could have written the inscription on it fo and that would have spared her the shame ling count Laniska, that she could not re write. She added, that the count had writ that was wanting for her. The witness, impatient to see the vase, went as fast as he to the manufactory, in hopes of getting a s it, before it was put into the furnace. H Solomon the Jew at the door of the manufa who told him, that he was too late, that vases were in the furnace, he had just seen put in: the Jew, as the witness now reco though it did not strike him at the time, w ger to prevent him from going into the fi Solomon took him by the arm, and v with him up the street, talked to him of money which he was to remit to Meissen phia Mansfeld's father and mother.

Albert asked the witness on whose accoumoney was to be remitted by the Jew to Me

Witness.—The money was to be remitted on Sophia Mansfeld's account.

Albert.—Did she borrow it from the Jew?

Witness.—No; the Jew owed it to her for work done by her. She had the art of painting on glass. She painted some glasses for a large magic lantern, and several small pictures on glass. She did these things at the hours, when she was not obliged to be at the manufactory. She rose very early in the morning, and worked hard. She sold her work to the Jew upon condition, that he would remit the price agreed upon to her father and mother, who were old, and depended on her for support.

Albert.—Was the money punctually remitted to

her father and mother by the Jew?

Witness.—Not a farthing of it was remitted by him, as Sophia discovered since her return to Meissen.

Albert.—Did you ever hear this Jew say any thing about Sophia Mansfeld's returning to Sax-

ony?

Witness.—Yes, I once heard the Jew say, that he hoped she never would leave Berlin, because she was of great use to him. He advised me to settle in Berlin. This passed about six weeks ago. About a week before the prize was decided by the king, I met the Jew, and told him Sophia had good hopes of getting back to Saxony. He looked very much vexed, and said—"She is not sure of that."

Albert.—Did you ever hear this Jew speak of count Laniska?

Witness.—Yes, about two months ago; the first

day I ever saw count Laniska, when he can with some foreign gentlemen to the pomanufactory, I asked the Jew who he w Jew answered, 'He is the count Laniska; 'that I hate, and on whom I will be revenge 'time or other.' I asked why he hated the The Jew replied,—'Because the christ 'has made the corps of the Jews his la 'stock. This day, when my son was 'through his manual exercise before the 'count Laniska was holding his sides with 'ter. I'll be revenged upon him some 'other.'

Albert.—I have no occasion, sir, to trou

with any further questions.

The next witness, who appeared, was gist of Berlin. He deposed, that on the April, Solomon the Jew came to his she asked for blue paints. That, after tryi colours very carefully upon the back of a which he took out of his pocket, he bought quantity of a shade of blue, which the produced in court.

Albert ordered, that the paint should be to the gentlemen of the jury, that they might pare it with the blue ground of the Prussia With this it was found, upon comparis

match exactly.

Albert to the druggist.—Do you know wl came of the paper, upon which, you say, the

tried your colours?

Witness.—Yes; here it is. I found it the counter after the Jew went away, kept it to return to him, as I saw there account on the other side, of the paper, which, I imagined, he might want. He never happened to call at my shop for some time afterwards, and I forgot, that I had such a paper, till you sir, called upon me about a week ago, to make inquiry on this subject. You desired me, to keep the paper carefully, and not to let any one know, that it was in my possession, till the day on which the trial of count Laniska was to come on. I have complied with your request, and here is the

paper.

The paper was handed to the jury; one of the shades of the exactly matched that of the ground of the Prussian vase. Albert now called upon the Jew to produce once more the handkerchief with which he had rubbed off the paint.-The chain of evidence was now complete, for the blue on the handkerchief was precisely the same as the colours on the paper, and on the vase. After the jury had satisfied themselves of this resemblance, Albert begged, that they would read what was written upon the paper. The first thing, that struck their eyes, was the word tyrant frequently repeated, as if by some one who had been practising to write different hands. One of these words was an exact resemblance of the word tyrant on the Prussian vase : and Albert pointed out a circumstance, which had till now escaped attention, that the letter r, in this word, was made differently from all the ars in the rest of the inscription. The writing of the count Lanis-ka had, in every other respect, been successfully imitated.

After Albert had shown these things to the ju-

ry, he here closed the evidence in favour prisoner, observing, that the length of which the trial had lasted, seemed to have what fatigued both the judge and jury; and ing, that it was now their usual hour of the prudently forebore to make a long speech the evidence, which had been laid before in favour of his friend: he left it to their understandings, to determine the balance of babilities between the honour of count Land the honesty of Solomon the Jew.

The judge, in a manner which would hav knonour even to the English bench, among the evidence on both sides, and gave a cand impressive charge to the jury, who we leaving the court gave a verdict in favour prisoner. Loud acclamations filled the half the midst of these acclamations, the worlence! was pronounced by that voice, whice refailed to command instantaneous obedie Prussia. All eyes turned upon the monarc

"This court is now dissolved," said his ty. "My judgment confirms the verdict jury. Count Laniska, I took your sword you too hastily.—Accept of mime in it's s And as he pronounced these words, Freungirded his sword, and presented it tyoung count. "As for you, sir," continuking, addressing himself to Albert; "you no sword for the defence of your friends. arms are superior to ours. Let me them in my service, and trust me, I shalleave them long unemployed, or unrewar. There was but one person present, to

this speech seemed to give no satisfaction. This person was Solomon the Jew, who stood apart, waiting in black silence to learn his own fate.—He was sentenced, not to a year's imprisonment in the castle of Spandau, but to sweep the streets of Potzdam, (including the court in front of count Laniska's palace) for a twelvementh.

After having heard this sentence, which was universally approved, the spectators began to

retire.

The king dined, it is always important to know where great men dine, Frederick the Great dined this day at the countess Laniska's, in company with her son, his friend Albert, and the English traveller. After dinner the king withdrew to attend parade, and it was observed, that he wore the count Laniska's sword.

"You will allow," said the countess to the English traveller, "that our king is a great man; for none but great men can bear to acknowledge

that they have been mistaken."

"You will allow madam," replied the Englishman, "that it was our English trial by jury, which convinced the king of his mistake?"

"And you applaud him for granting that tri-

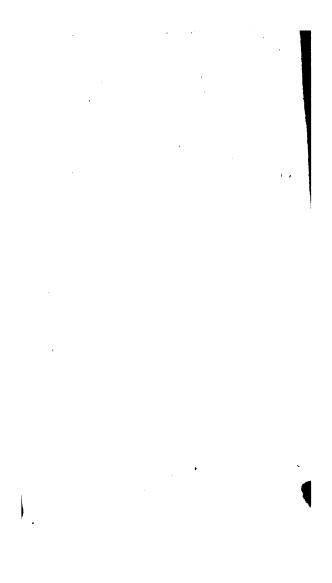
al ?" said Albert.

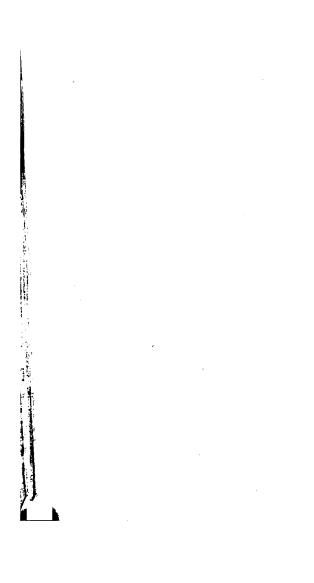
"To a certain degree, I do," said the Englishman, from whom it was difficult to extort praise of a despotic king. "To a certain degree, I do; but you will observe, that this trial by jury which is a matter of favour to you Prussians, is a matter of right to us Englishmen.

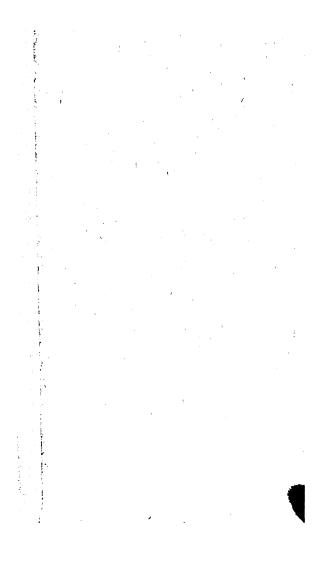
THE PRUSSIAN VASE.

Much as I admire your king of Prussia, I admire our English constitution more.

END OF VOL. I.







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